

THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. XVI.—No. 379.

JANUARY 15, 1857.

Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the General Examinations for the DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF MEDICINE this year will commence on the 6th of May and 21st of October.

Candidates can only be admitted to Examination at other periods by a special grace of the Senatus Academicus.

Fellows and Members of the Royal Colleges of Surgeons of England, Edinburgh, and Dublin, of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, and Licentiates of the London Apothecaries' Company, are eligible for examination.

Every Candidate is required to communicate by letter with Dr. DIX, the Professor of Medicine, fourteen days before the period of Examination, and to present himself to the Secretary for Registration on or before the 5th of May and 20th of October.

By order of the Senatus Academicus,
JAMES M'BEAN, A.M., Secretary.

St. Andrews, 1st Jan. 1857.

GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE,
LONDON.—Professor TENNANT, F.R.S., will give a

COURSE OF LECTURES ON GEOLOGY. To commence on FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 22nd, at NINE o'clock, and to be continued on each succeeding Wednesday and Friday at the same hour.

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It is only necessary further to add that the entire Sale will consist exclusively of Mr. Fraser's Property, and that the whole will be absolutely sold without reserve.

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THE CRITIC. London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD: ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WE have long had a suspicion what all this lecturing in high places would lead to, and we have uttered a warning voice about it before now. SIR ROBERT PEEL—

The son and not the sire we mean—

has pushed the practice *ad absurdum*, and has demonstrated to perfection how much nonsense a man can talk if he only sets about it with a will. Why, his rough but sensible Birmingham hearers laughed his jeremiade to scorn. All England is laughing at him from end to end. He may now realise what HOMER meant when he spoke of "inextinguishable laughter." The Continent is laughing at him. France scorns him, and is angry with him. In Russia they will have a perfect roar at him. Never since cap and bells were abolished has a man made himself so conspicuously ridiculous. And it is not an enemy that hath done this. No open foe, or good-natured friend, or envious brother hath gone about to undermine him in the public favour. SIR CHARLES NAPIER digged not this pitfall; nor hath any malevolent brigand of the press invented this to the shame of the Right Honourable Baronet of Tamworth. It is his own work, and he may be proud of it. Of his own free will he has shown himself to the world in his true colours; and, like DOGBERRY, hath requested to be written down—a Lord of the Admiralty. Now that every great man is getting his appropriate memorial, let us recommend that a monument of this great lecturer should be set up in some convenient and appropriate site; say Hampstead Heath. The surrounding turf would itself supply many noble animals who would be only too happy to save the learned baronet the trouble of sitting for his effigy; and in commemoration of the valuable quality which he attributed to himself in such felicitous terms, upon the pedestal might be inscribed: "He had a certain facility of expression!"

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* seizes the opportunity afforded by the announcement of "a new poet" to reopen an old sore by abusing ALEXANDER SMITH. We should have thought that the reputation of this gifted young poet had been by this time too firmly established to render such attacks possible: futile they must be, because they carry their refutation along with them. This critic, with a zeal which we should have admired if it were not so sadly ill-placed, has evidently expended a vast amount of time and pains in searching the whole range of English literature for passages affording some parallel to lines in the "Life Drama;" and then, upon the strength of these, the author of the latter is accused of the high literary crime and misdemeanor of plagiarism. The industry with which these passages have been brought together is not more remarkable than the perversity with which they are applied. In some cases the resemblance is very indistinct and visionary, and in none does it surpass that family likeness which distinguishes all poetic thoughts. Here is a fair specimen of this indictment for plagiarism. The passage in the "Life Drama" is taken out of an invocation to Spring, and thus it runs:—

Kill old Winter with thy glorious look,
And turn his corse to flowers.

That from which it is said to be plagiarised is SHELLEY's, and is as follows:—

The leprous corse, touched by this spirit tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath.

Surely malice must have shrewd eyes to detect any felonious resemblance here. But this sort of accusation is constantly being made against works of real merit. It is easy to make if a man has only the time to waste upon such fruitless inquiries, and it scarcely admits of any but a general refutation. That all poetic minds should regard the face of Nature in a very similar way is only natural; and unless a man can preclude from his mind not only all that he has ever read, but all that he has ever heard, it is impossible to avoid treading very close in the track of some great predecessor. When the road is covered with footmarks, it is impossible for a mighty walker to find a path for himself alone. Great poems become digested, as it were, and are incorporated into the language: their

phrases become the current coin of talk, and it is impossible to avoid recurring to them. In this sense SHAKSPEARE drew from CHAUCER, POPE from SHAKSPEARE, SHELLEY from POPE, and SMITH again from SHELLEY. When MOLIÈRE was accused of plagiarism by a critic, who must have belonged to the same school as this writer in the *Athenæum*, he admitted the charge, but added—"Où je trouve mon bien, je le prends."

The annual meeting of the members of the Royal College of Preceptors, which took place on Saturday last, became the occasion for some awkward disclosures as to the position and working of the college. After the chairman (DR. HUMPHREYS, of Cheltenham) had delivered the usual address, and had congratulated the meeting upon the progress and improvement of the college, one of the members, MR. TURRELL, rose to contradict this statement, and to say that, in his opinion, and in that of many other gentlemen present, the college was "progressing downwards," and that the proof might be found in its diminishing numbers and falling revenues. MR. TURRELL concluded by proposing a motion "requiring the council to discharge forthwith all the officers receiving any salaries, fees, or emoluments; to hand over all books and documents to MR. T. KIMBER, who would act as honorary secretary, and to appoint a committee to investigate and report upon the appropriation of the benevolent fund, and the financial affairs of the company generally." Some very warm discussion ensued, and eventually the motion was lost by a small majority of five. Since the meeting, DR. ALTSCHUL has addressed to us a letter upon the subjects in dispute, which we publish *in extenso* as nearly as our space will permit:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—As one of the independent members of the Royal College of Preceptors, taking part in the annual meeting so fully reported in several papers of this day, I am desirous of calling public attention to the unfairness of the proceedings, and to the manner in which propositions, calculated to advance the real interests of the college, were "buried." It must have struck any impartial reader that the proposition (that "in the classified lists of members, to the initials marking any degree should be added the name of the university by which such degree had been conferred") was a reasonable and proper suggestion. Yet this motion was got rid of by the convenient form of passing to the "next question." Why was this, if not because several of the gentlemen who have the direction of the affairs of the college, and who had it all their own way on this occasion, are holders of degrees, the nature and authority of which they would not like to make public? I assert that more than one of them hold foreign degrees, and I leave it to the public to draw the obvious inference. Then, again, it was proposed to "discontinue the practice of paying the examiners." I am myself an examiner, and feel, and have always felt, great pleasure in giving my services freely, and so have a few more. So ought all. The public at large must see the impropriety of making the examinership a snug berth in the face of the discreditable fact that tradesmen's bills due in 1854 continue unpaid to this day! Why was this proposition thrown out? Simply because paid examiners and other salaried officers voted, which, I assert, they had no right to do. Who ever heard before of a paid secretary voting? Yet so he did; so also did the dean, and the —; but *exempla odiosa!* So also did gentlemen who were "in arrears with their subscriptions"—a direct violation of the bye-laws. I repeat that, but for these illegitimate votes, the propositions must have been carried. The fifth and most important proposition was that "no member of the college who is in receipt of any fee, salary, or pecuniary emolument from the funds of the college, be henceforth a member of the council." Here again, I ask, can anything be more just and reasonable? Why, what can possibly excuse so monstrous an abuse as that paid officers, self-elected examiners, feed and salaried people, who treat the college as a cow that they milk, should be on the council, and pack it to make majorities in their favour?

I am, sir, yours, &c.,

D. H. ALTSCHUL, Ph.D.

9, Old Bond-street, Jan 12.

DR. ALTSCHUL enters into a somewhat lengthy explanation to show that the opposition, of which he forms part, is no mere factious cabal. He declares that eleven gentlemen were associated with him in the matter, of whom "the majority were among the earliest and most active promoters of the college," and states that many of the most influential members entertain "a strong conviction that some radical reform must be effected if the institution is to flourish or even to stand." As there are two sides to every question, we cannot do more than give insertion to DR. ALTSCHUL's letter; reserving our own opinion

until we have heard the defence. There can be no harm, however, in saying that a good *prima facie* case seems to be made out.

The treasures of the Art Exhibition at Manchester are accumulating. Those who wish to have the best and earliest information upon the subject must consult MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM, in his "Town and Table-talk on Literature, Art, &c.," in the *Illustrated News*. MR. CUNNINGHAM'S "Table-talk" is perhaps neither so witty as SEDDEN'S, nor so learned as LUTHER'S; but it has its merits for all that. To those who appreciate the delicate nuances of a refined style it is invaluable. Take this year for example, selected from the last batch of "pleasant babbling":—"Case I. (referring to the arrival of a portion of the MEYRICK collection) contained a knight on horseback, both in full armour." The "both" is delicious. Of course, we are to infer that Case I. was in full armour. In the saponeous quality of his style, MR. CUNNINGHAM is without a rival. If you love lather, it is good to be his friend. Even himself he constantly covers with the unctuous froth. Not many weeks back, he congratulated the public, in these very notes, upon the fact that he himself, PETERUS *ipse*, was to edit the catalogue of the exhibition. About the same time, he recorded with much gravity that MR. MURRAY needed space upon his walls for portraits of his modern authors, portraits that are to rank beside those of BYRON and LOCKHART; and among these modern authors he named FORD, MACAULAY, MAHON, and CUNNINGHAM. But, if MR. CUNNINGHAM thinks much of himself, it cannot be denied that he is equally laudatory of his friends. Like a Miss in her teens, or the Editor of a morning paper, making the grand tour, he finds subject for admiration everywhere. Even SIR ROBERT PEEL'S jeremiade at Saltley delights him. "Lecturers," says MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM "(MR. THACKERAY excepted), may copy with advantage the lively manner of SIR ROBERT PEEL." Then come the private theatricals at Tavistock House—and how kind, how flattering is MR. PETER. A play by MR. DICKENS and his friends "must be something far more agreeable to sit through than any representation made by people, however fashionable"—which MR. DICKENS and his friends of course are not—and then "the acting was all but excellent throughout. No professed actors now on the stage could have played with equal ability the parts sustained by MR. MARK LEMON and MR. CHARLES DICKENS," which (assuming the acting to be of the very best amateur quality) is not saying much for the "professed actors now on the stage." But seriously, why should MR. CUNNINGHAM indulge in all this flummery? He has his real merits; he is industrious; he possesses a very fair amount of knowledge. Why then make himself the Boswell of all the world?

In reply to the numerous communications which we have received upon the subject of M. SCHÉLCHER'S discovery of Handelian MSS., we beg to inform our readers that we shall shortly be able to lay before them a full and complete account of these great acquisitions to musical science. A writer in the *Athenæum*, referring to these MSS., intimates, with very laudable prudence, that he shall require very good evidence before he accepts all the notes and marks found in the volumes as HANDEL'S own notes and marks. He shall have the best evidence upon that subject. In the mean time the musical world will be gratified to hear that M. SCHÉLCHER'S long-expected "Biography of Handel" is now being translated for publication in England, and will certainly make its appearance in time for the Handel Festival in May. As the English version will appear before the French, the former will have all the character of an original work; and as the translation is being executed by MR. JAMES LOWE, under the immediate supervision of M. SCHÉLCHER, its fidelity may be relied upon. When we remember that the biography is the result of four years spent in zealous researches, and of an outlay which few authors either can or will incur in getting together the materials for their works, it can scarcely be wondered at that its advent should be regarded with curiosity.

MR. SQUIER, having got M. IVAN GOLOVIN at a disadvantage, seems determined not to let him off too easily. In a letter to the *Athenæum*, he insists upon an explanation from M. GOLOVIN as to his assertion that the press of the Messrs. HARPER had been destroyed by a New York mob, because that establishment had republished MR.

Dickens's "American Notes." Mr. SQUIER says (reasonably enough) that, if this statement be true, it cannot be difficult to substantiate it.

Instead of doing this, however, the Muscovite Arrowsmith goes off in another paroxysm about "small heads." Why, the man was told, at the outset, that he might have it all his own way on this point, and about "the human principles" of Germans, if he would only stick to the issue, and tell us when the establishment was destroyed by a mob, and the circumstances connected with the affair. But Mr. Golovin's cuttle-fish expedient shall not avail him; he shall not escape the consequence of his unscrupulousness. Let him substantiate his charge, or submit to be regarded, as he certainly will be regarded, if he fails in this respect, as the promulgator, if not the author, of a falsehood. Either some one has imposed upon the credulity of Arrowsmithovitch, or his story is a coinage of his own brain; it matters little which, for it is simply untrue that the press of the Messrs. Harper was ever destroyed by a mob, at any time, or on any pretext. I have now done with Ivan Golovin. E. G. S.

M. GOLOVIN has favoured us with an anonymous note of great originality, though not much wit, in which he seems to take objection to our application of the term of *gobemouche*. With reference to this, we shall be very happy to apologise, so soon as M. GOLOVIN has proved the injustice of the term by proving that he has not swallowed a most enormous fly in the terrible story about HARPER'S press. Less severe than Mr. SQUIER, we do not charge M. GOLOVIN with "falsehood," but we do believe that he has committed a monstrous blunder.

From among the publishers' announcements we have noticed the following:—Mr. RUSKIN publishes this day a pamphlet on the TURNER pictures now exhibiting at Marlborough House; and we have no doubt that, acting up to the character which he has assumed with respect to the works of this great painter, he will be found to prophesy unto us strange things. Mr. NEWBY announces three new novels: "The Medora;" "Leonora D'Orco," by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.; and "Gil Talbot," by Mrs. MAILLARD. Messrs. LONGMAN have a long and important list, viz.: a third edition of Messrs. JAMESON'S "Legends of the Saints and Martyrs;" a "Life of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti," by J. S. HARFORD, Esq., F.R.S., to be accompanied by a folio of engravings illustrative of the great master's works; "Pre-Raphaelitism," by the Rev. EDWARD YOUNG; "Memoir of Rear-Admiral Sir W. Parry," by his son, the Rev. E. PARRY; "Napoleon the Third; a Review of his Life, Character, and Policy," by a British Officer; "Valisneria; or, a Midsummer-day's Dream," by Mrs. PEELEFFER (no longer to be familiarly called IDA); a "History of Prices," by T. TOOKE, F.R.S., and W. NEWMARCH; "Adulterations Detected," by Dr. HASSALL; and a work bearing the mysterious title, "Morning Clouds," by an anonymous author. Mr. BENTLEY promises Sir CHARLES NAPIER'S Account of the Campaign in the Baltic on an early day; also a reprint of "KATE'S History of the War in Afghanistan," to form part of the series of "Periodical Volumes;" and a new novel by the author of "The Curate of Overton," to be called "Lucy Aymer." Messrs. HURST and BLACKETT announce as "just ready," the Rev. G. M. MUSGRAVE'S "Pilgrimage into Dauphiné;" "Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses," by "A LADY VOLUNTEER;" and "The Days of My Life; an Autobiography," by the Author of "Margaret Maitland." Among reprints, we observe one, that dear old friend "Lacon," by the Rev. C. C. COLTON, a book which, of all others, realises in every sense what is the *multum in parvo*.

In number 374 of the CRITIC we gave an account of the linguistic pursuits of His Highness the Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte. Those of our readers who are engaged upon similar investigations will be glad to learn that a version of the Gospel of St. Matthew into a third dialect of the Basque language, the high Navarese, is now completed, forming a handsome octavo volume of 122 pages. This volume has a twofold interest—in the first place, from its being the first printed specimen of the particular dialect; and, secondly, from being the first work printed at the Prince's private press. Only ten copies have been struck off. The title is as follows:

El Evangelio | Segun | San Mateo | Traducido al Vascuence, Dialecto Navarro | Por | D. Bruno Etchenique De Elizondo, | Para El Principe Luis-Luciano Bonaparte | Londres | 1857.

On the last page the printer makes the following statement:—

I certify that this book was printed by me in the house of His Highness the Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, and that the number impressed amounted to ten copies only, which are numbered, and bear the names of their respective owners in the first page, with the exception of two copies, one of which has the title printed in red and black inks, with a border.

W. H. BILLING.

The Prince is now engaged upon a work of grand proportions, upon which we will report in due time, and which will furnish a fresh proof of his extraordinary devotion to science. L.

THE RIGHTS OF DRAMATIC AUTHORS.

THE number of communications which have reached us since we last referred to this subject affords a convincing proof not only of the interest which the question excites, but of the earnest desire which is felt in many quarters to have it brought to a settlement. Regarding, as we do, its present unsatisfactory condition as the source of almost all the evils which now affect our stage, we are desirous of doing whatever may be in our power to lead to so very desirable a result; and, as an earnest of our intention, we have complied with the request of several correspondents by obtaining from Paris the documents necessary to enable us to explain the constitution of the French Dramatic Authors' Society. A publication of this information may probably excite some of the English dramatic authors to take the initiative in bringing about a reform.

We have been accused of exaggeration in the statement which we made of the comparative positions of French and English authors in a pecuniary point of view. In answer to this, we will state one single fact—and we have it from the very best authority—that DUMAS the younger received sixty thousand francs, or 2400*l.* sterling, for *Le Demi Monde*; whilst DOUGLAS JERROLD got only thirty sovereigns for "Black-Eyed Susan." One such fact is as good as a thousand.

A French dramatic author of the highest reputation, writing privately upon the subject, observes, with respect to the rights of authors, that until a comparatively recent period it was only at the great theatres that the rights of dramatic authors were properly established.

It was Scribe who did for the Vaudeville what Beaumarchais did for the Théâtre Français. When he began to have a reputation, and had composed his piece, *Le Solliciteur*, from which the management hoped to get great advantage, he declared that the piece should not be played unless they conceded to him his proportionate rights, and not only for that piece, but for all that he should thenceforward write; and that they should concede as much to all his literary brethren, and that not only for such pieces as they should thereafter write, but for all future representations of pieces which they had already written. The theatrical managements attempted to turn M. Scribe from this resolution; but he was firm, and thus he authoritatively planted a principle both for the past, the present, and the future—a service for which the dramatic authors of France owe him much. . . . All the strength of the convention (continues this correspondent) is in its equality of rights. The directors do all in their power to unbind the faggot. They try to persuade the leading men to accept better conditions than their weaker brethren.

From this the English dramatic authors may take a valuable hint. Have they anybody among them who is competent to take the same position which M. SCRIBE so nobly assumed on behalf of his brethren? If so, let him come forward. Two men only occur to us at this moment as having any likelihood for fulfilling the necessary conditions—DOUGLAS JERROLD and Sir E. BELWER LYTTON: the former by his position in journalism, and the latter by private fortune, being placed beyond the necessities of the moment and the direct influence of managers. But even here we fear there would be difficulties in the way. One may have given himself up too much to the spirit of cliquism to be able to inspire any general confidence in his leadership; and the other may be disinclined to interfere in a dispute so far removed from his general sphere of action. *Que diable vais-je faire dans ce guépier!* may be his motto. But surely the position to any great and powerful dramatist would be a glorious one. One man, indeed, there lived among us who might well have occupied it, and all petty animosities and all little jealousies have been silenced before him; but he is gone. If THOMAS NOON TALFOURD were alive, the same feeling heart, speaking through the eloquent voice, that

pleaded for the rights of the brain in the copy-right question, might have exerted itself on behalf of that branch of literature which he prized the most, because he most adorned it—the drama. But this was not to be; and the dramatic authors of England will have to search far ere they can find a man so fitted, both by talent and position, to fill the place.

We will now add a note, which has been supplied to us by the general agent of the Dramatic Authors' Society of France, at the request of one of the most celebrated among those authors. We mention this only as a proof of the authenticity of our information:

The French dramatic authors and composers have constituted themselves into a society for the maintenance of their joint rights, and for the perception of their pecuniary dues, resulting from the representation of their pieces in the theatres of Paris, the Baulieu and the Departments, and in all foreign parts wherever international treaties exist respecting literary and artistic property.

The Act of the society explains the end and attributes of the association.

The rights of authors result: first, from Article 3 of the law of the 13th of January 1791, which is thus expressed:—"The works of living authors cannot be performed on any public theatre in France without the formal and written consent of the author, under pain of confiscation of the whole product of the receipts." Secondly, the enjoyment of the proceeds granted to the wife and children of the dramatic author, has been limited to ten years by the law of the 13th of January 1791, and the 19th of July 1793, and to twenty years, by the law of the 3rd of August 1844. Thirdly, the rights of the heirs of dead authors are regulated by the law of the 8th of April 1834, which is thus conceived:—"The widows of authors, composers, and artists shall enjoy during their lives the rights guaranteed to them by the laws of the 13th of January 1791, the 19th of July 1793, the decree of the 5th of February 1810, and the law of the 13th of August 1844, and all other laws and decrees upon that matter."

The enjoyment of profits accorded to children by these same laws and decrees is extended to thirty years, dating either from the death of the author or composer or from the extinction of the rights of his widow.

The payment of authors and dramatic composers is fixed in Paris upon the following scale:—

At the Théâtre Français—

Works containing 4 or 5 acts, one-twelfth of the net receipts.

" " 3 acts, one-sixteenth of ditto.

" " 2 acts, one-eighteenth of ditto.

" " 1 act, one-twenty-fourth ditto.

At the Opera, for great works—

500 francs per night for the first forty representations.

200 francs per night after the fortieth representation.

At the Opéra Comique—

Fourteen and a half per cent. upon the receipts;

Eight and a half per cent.;

Six and a half per cent.;

Six per cent.; according to the number of acts.

At the Vaudeville Theatres—

Twelve per cent. upon the receipts per night.

Dramatic Theatres—

Ten per cent. upon the receipts per night.

These facts and figures will serve to give some explanation of the fact that, whilst French authors become men of large means, their English brethren can scarcely pick up a living by writing for the stage; and also how it is that, whilst original pieces are produced annually in Paris by hundreds, translations abound upon our stage, and nothing is rarer than a piece of genuine English manufacture. But before a state of things can be established in England similar to that which exists in France, a great battle must be fought and a great victory won. The Dramatic Authors' Society must, moreover, be thoroughly remodelled, for as it at present stands we believe it to be quite unable to struggle successfully against the managers. One great obstacle to their doing so is to be found in the fact that it numbers among its members, as dramatic authors, managers of theatres themselves; and that the committee conceives it to be consistent with its duty to take cognisance of the rights of those members as managers as well as dramatic authors. One great reason for refusing to interfere between Mr. G. LEWES and Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS, in the "Game of Speculation" case, was that they were both members of the society. But the defendant was not a member *quoad* manager, but *quoad* dramatist, and as dramatist his interest was identical with that of Mr. LEWES.

We shall shortly take occasion to revert to this question.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Scottish Philosophy—the Old and the New: a Statement. By Professor FERRIER. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1856.

SINCE the death of Sir William Hamilton Professor Ferrier is the ablest representative of Scottish philosophy. It was thought strange that he was not chosen successor to his distinguished father-in-law, Professor Wilson: that he was not chosen Sir William Hamilton's successor is something more than strange—must be branded as a crime and deplored as a calamity. It is known that, whatever the pretences may have been, the real reason why Professor Fraser was elected and Professor Ferrier rejected was, that the former is a member of the Free Church, and that the latter is not. The Free Church has intensified Scottish bigotry; and, to show that it deserves its name, it makes a monopoly of freedom. The formation of the Free Church will ever be a memorable and honourable event in Scottish history. It displayed indomitable valour and the noblest spirit of sacrifice. But it nourished a rigid fanaticism and a sectarian narrowness, to which the Scotch were already too prone; and we doubt whether Scotland has been a pleasanter place to live in since the tremendous blow that smote, a dozen years ago, the Scottish ecclesiastical establishment. The Free Church has all the ambition and all the unscrupulousness of a young and triumphant sect. It seizes power with a strong and insatiate clutch in every direction—political, municipal, social, and educational. Nowhere has it sought so fiercely and striven so pertinaciously to reign supreme as in the Edinburgh Town Council; first, that it might have sway in Edinburgh itself; secondly, that it might dominate over Scotland through the Scottish metropolis; and, thirdly, that it might convert the metropolitan University into an effective instrument of Free Church propagandism. A majority of the Edinburgh Town Council are Free Church men. A large number of the professors in the Edinburgh University are chosen by the Town Council. The Professor of Logic is one of them. Now Professor Fraser held a chair not very illustriously in a Free Church theological institution. As a dull, solid, honest man he had no attraction for students, no stimulating, fructifying influence over them. It is a rule with the Free Church to thrust into its professorships the heavies who fail in its pulpits. The next thing is that, through the agency of some town council or other, the Free Church professorship should be exchanged for a Government professorship. This is the machinery, and this the working thereof, whereby Professor Fraser finds himself occupying the place long held with mighty empire and mighty fame by one of Scotland's most gifted men. It would not have done, however, to tell the world that Professor Ferrier was rejected because he was not a faithful son of the Free Church. A huge clamour was therefore raised against the philosophical doctrines taught by him, as heresies that flagrantly rebelled against the venerable traditions and the received principles of Scottish metaphysics. The pamphlet before us is an able analysis and an emphatic denunciation of the grounds on which the Edinburgh Town Council pretended to decide when appointing a Professor of Logic. The author is too magnanimous and forbearing to attack the motives which alone or mainly incited the electors. He throws entirely aside the consideration of his own interests, and aims simply at vindicating what Jeremy Taylor beautifully called the liberty of prophesying. While we think that herein Professor Ferrier has been most victorious, we yet think that he might easily have rendered the victory more overwhelming, though not more brilliant. He is at much pains to show that it is the faculties and accomplishments of a scholar, and not the theories he holds, which should determine his fitness to be an expounder of philosophy to his country's youth; but he is yet at quite as much pains to show that his own system of philosophy is as essentially Scottish as the systems with which the Edinburgh Town Council thought proper to compare it, however much it may differ from these. Now, why should there be a national philosophy? Why should Professor Ferrier labour to demonstrate

that in his speculations he has not been indebted to any foreign philosopher whatever? What ought to be catholic if philosophy is not? The first fault that we should find with Scottish philosophy is, that it should have endeavoured to remain so wholly national. There are many things whose charm is in their nationality. England's poetry is eminently its own. It is unlike the poetry of any other land. Eminently its own also in many of its authors is a poetical prose style, the richness and freedom of which correspond to the richness and freedom of English civilisation. English eloquence is as strikingly national as English poetry. But can we with propriety speak of an English philosophy? Scarcely; for, spite of Locke and the Sensationalists, England has given a tolerably impartial hearing to nearly all philosophical systems; and it is probable that Plato has amongst us been much more read than Locke. French literature is national, intensely national, both in its excellences and its faults. But has philosophy in France been national likewise? Not except as relates to garb and method. Some of the profoundest philosophers in modern times have been Italians, yet of an Italian philosophy it would be in the highest degree inaccurate to speak. There is not a German philosophy in any other sense than in the inaptitude of the German intellect to move rapidly and gracefully, and to express itself with precision and elegance. During the Middle Ages, and indeed down to a comparatively recent period, every thinker wrote in Latin. This, of itself, prevented the growth of a national philosophy, even if otherwise, from the nature of philosophy, it had been possible. The Catholic Church formed one vast guild; the scholars of Europe formed another, as universal in reality as the Church was in name. Even if there had been no scholars and no philosophy, Christians had long been taught to forget the national and the patriotic, and to think of themselves only as members of the grand Christian community; and for this very reason the Gospel proved fatal to the compactness, abidingness, and grasp of Roman dominion. There was no longer a Rome to love or to be interested in. There was merely the Christian community on earth, the type and the herald of a future community in Heaven. Till the outbreak of Protestantism the Catholic idea was the prominent idea, not in religion alone not in the huge ecclesiastical corporation alone of which the Pope was the head, but in every tendency, in every affair, in every institution—the Catholic idea in its most catholic significance. It was penetrated and panopied by the Catholic idea more than as Spaniards, that these were conquerors in America. In consistency with its faithfulness to the Catholic idea, the Church was always fiercer in its persecution of schism than of heresy, and it generally left the heresies unpunished that did not seem to lead in the direction of schism. Protestantism in its first fever-fit was not in the mood to distinguish between the Papal Church and the Catholic idea. It therefore made war on both. The evil of this it would be long to recount. As connected with philosophy, the evil was that freedom of inquiry, the simple instrument, was substituted for universal thought, the essential fact. One result of Protestantism was to give distinctness and vigour to nationalities, which under the Catholic idea had slumbered. This promoted industrial enterprise and political liberty; but to the same extent it robbed Protestant countries of their share in the Catholic heritage there, where religion was not at all concerned. Germany, England, France, appropriated the Reformation each in its own way; but, none of them growing completely Protestant, none of them completely renounced contact with the continuity of Catholic tradition. Scotland displayed a more daring thoroughness, and while immense was the gain immense was the loss. The sense of affinity with Greek and Roman writers and with Greek and Roman civilisation was destroyed; and philosophy, as the interpreter of the infinite, that had brought treasures from every clime and from every age, was degraded into the puny anatomist of the individual. Loud and frequent is the lament of Professor Blackie and of other earnest Scotchmen over the deplorable state of classical studies in Scotland.

But are not classical studies neglected from precisely the same cause, that there is a narrow, timid, and pedantic philosophy there? The link of relation with the continuity of Catholic tradition has for three hundred years been broken; and till the relation is renewed there can be for Scotland neither noble classical studies nor a philosophy genial, profound, and comprehensive. Even if the Scotch had a far more opulent and courageous metaphysical genius than we believe them to possess, they could not with their actual environments bring forth metaphysical fruits. The physical is the natural; the metaphysical is that which is behind the physical or natural. Now in dealing with the natural we need only to be in natural circumstances. Here, therefore, we can dispense with tradition. But in dealing with the metaphysical—with that which is behind nature—we must have tradition in its utmost breadth and bounteousness; for we can here go deeper, wider, loftier than others not till we have seen how deep, how wide, how lofty others have gone. Burns would not have been a more notable Burns if he had been more acquainted with the encyclopædias; but Schelling would have been less Schelling if he had not been intimate with all past and contemporaneous metaphysical systems. A man may know too much and too well if he wants to be a primordial poet; he cannot know too much or too well if he wants to be a primordial metaphysician. If Walter Scott had been as learned as Scaliger there would never have been any Waverley Novels; but, if Malebranche had not surveyed all philosophies and all theologies, he could not have been the most original, while not ceasing to be the most pious, of French thinkers. We do not wish to wander from Professor Ferrier, who is worthy of the weariest pilgrimage to shake hands with, if it were only for the manliness everywhere effulgent in this pamphlet. But, though he has nothing to learn as the manliest of men teaching manliness—nothing to learn as a pithy, witty, eloquent writer—he has much to learn as a ponderer on the mysteries of creation. He has this to learn—that no Scotchman, remaining on Scottish ground, can discourse profitably, suggestively, fruitfully of metaphysics. Away from Scotland, the Scotchman is either the vilest or divinest of the human race. In Scotland, he is at best or at worst enthralled by perverid provincialism. Heather is healthy and beautiful; but the gods have never slept on heather. It was the couch that Rob Roy and Rob Roy's followers relished; but even Hercules would have thought it rough. Professor Ferrier thrusts in our faces a bunch of transcendental heather, and grumbles at our Olympic haughtiness in rejecting it. Scottish philosophy is always heather in some shape—heather which is not content with being heather, but protests that it is better than the vine, the olive, or the wild thyme, whatever is sweetest to devour or softest to rest on. No: thou art the heather; it is thy glory to be the heather; think it thy glory to be the heather. It is rather a misfortune for Scotland that she has had the vanity to believe in her philosophic mission. Your Scotchman is dithyrambic. His sobrieties and solidities are stupidities. He is, when sober and solid, Bacchus in banishment and moping; a preposterous spectacle. Full of wit and full of humour, he is yet, when sober and solid, merely a thing for your small Charles Lamb, your small Sydney Smith, or your small Douglas Jerrold to make small jokes at. He is not prompt at cockney repartee, and is pronounced a dunce. Who can laugh like him? Who, like him, has a *guffaw* that thunders in mere warmth, and wealth, and wantonness of mirth? Yet, because he thinks the leading articles in the *Times* shallowness and sham—because he thinks *Punch* as inspiring as ginger beer—because he thinks the Yankee idiocies which adorn the *Family Herald* indubitable and incurable idiocies—because he does not think the Reverend Mr. Spurgeon equal to Paul the Apostle, to Chrysostome, or to Massillon—he is supposed to be incapable of laughing, of feeling, incapable of sympathy or of taste. Believing that the Scotchman is above all and before all dithyrambic, we would fain persuade him to let henceforth metaphysics alone; or, if he must have metaphysics, let him approach as disciple and kneel as worshipper in

the temple of Catholic tradition. Enter the logic class or the moral philosophy class in a Scottish university, and you will behold boys of fifteen or sixteen, who have never heard of any other philosophical writers than Reid and Stewart, and who have scarcely read half a dozen pages of either, answering in most dogmatical fashion the subtlest philosophical questions. This is the foundation of that pedantry, of that conceit, of that opinionativeness, of that intolerable argumentativeness of which the Scotch are justly accused. The effect in many ways is evil. He who had dogmatised at fifteen, at five-and-twenty, when he enters a pulpit, dogmatises still. You may live in Scotland for half a century and never hear a sermon that contains the smallest morsel of religious nutriment. A Scotch sermon is always a treatise on theology. A Scotch preacher is an admirable chaff-cutting machine, but he distributes no bread of life; and he never will be anything but a chaff-cutting machine as long as he has been merely a logical wind-machine in his boyhood. Preaching, one half of which is fiercely polemical, while the other half plunges into incomprehensible abstractions, cannot raise, cannot refine, cannot nourish a nation. Science suffers in Scotland no less than the pulpit, from the mode in which philosophy is taught, and from the kind of philosophy taught. The incessant and inordinate self-analysis of the Scottish individual prevents all love for the synthetic sciences. Hence, in these sciences the Scotch have never attained eminence. The primordial rule of Scottish science, briefly expressed, would be this:—Anatomise your own soul and your neighbour's body. Without synthesis in the sciences there cannot be a harmony of the multitudinous objects of human research and human speculation; and, accordingly, in Scotland of no such harmony is there the faintest notion. Clustering round the synthesis, blending with the harmony of the sciences, is the poetry of the sciences—a poetry which is to the moderns what mythology was to the ancients. Poetical the Scotch are; but look not to them for a poetry of the sciences. The synthesis in science which favours the harmony and the poetry of the sciences is favourable to the constructive faculties and to constructive achievements in literature. From want of that synthesis, as an element in his early education and as a dominant power in his country, it would be easy to prove that not one of Scotland's literary men, however otherwise distinguished, has displayed constructive ability. A radical change in the constitution of Scottish universities would produce the most momentous changes in Scottish churches, Scottish society, and Scottish literature—changes of infinitely more importance than the metaphysical matters in debate between Professor Ferrier and his opponents. Which of the two Scottish philosophies, the old or the new, is the preferable, we do not care enough about either to decide. It is an affair of tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. But that a singularly-gifted people should have the noblest, richest, most appropriate culture, that is a matter for which we care much. The constitution and working of Scottish universities cannot be assimilated to those of the English universities; for in Scotland education is democratic, in England aristocratic. It is rather from Germany and France that the Scottish universities should borrow suggestions. It is not into aristocratic but into catholic organisations that they should strive to grow. And the first step would be to trample on psychological prate and strangle psychological praters. How absurd to call that a university where the students are chiefly occupied in self-dissection! A university, from its very name, should unfold to me the universe, and teach me to climb its grandeurs for myself. So far from continually dissecting my own being, I should forget my own being as fast and as effectually as possible. With awe and wonder, and as if ever on the threshold of mysteries, should I enter each university hall. If the university is to be the type to me of the universe, I must revere it as I revere the universe. The divorce between the secular and the sacred, which utilitarians so pertinaciously insist on, is not needed if you ever and evermore transmute by your own devout and fecund spirit the secular into the sacred. If to labour is to pray, no less true is it that to learn aright is to adore. It would be easier to bestow a catholic organisation on the Scottish universities if the Scotch displayed the same generosity in aiding them as in supporting their churches. It is a disgrace to Scotland that

its rich men do almost nothing for the universities. How much, on the contrary, has been done for the English universities by the boundless munificence of individuals! Glasgow is becoming at a rapid rate the second city of the empire; yet we never hear that any one of its enormously wealthy merchants has either endowed a professorship or founded an exhibition in that university where many of its merchants have been educated. There is an outcry that the salary of the Scottish professors is so small: but why should Government be liberal when Scotland itself is such a niggard? We believe that there are Glasgow citizens not a few who only need the suggestion to accomplish a most patriotic work. Let one give his gold for a professorship of Scottish history, another for a professorship of Scottish biography, another for a professorship of Scottish literature, another for a professorship of the Scottish language; and, by the side of these professorships, there should be professorships of the history, of the biography, of the literature, of the language, of every great and famous nation. By a professor of a particular language we do not understand a teacher of that language, but one who would trace its origin, who would picture the successive revolutions which it had undergone, and show its relation to other languages. A professorship for a comparative record of all religions would demand as companion a professorship of mythology. Many other professorships might be mentioned. The exhibitions should be such chiefly as enabled the holders to travel in foreign countries, and reside at foreign universities. This would be one means of bringing Scotland back within the range of Catholic tradition. If that national university in London, which we not long ago proposed, were established, exhibitions might exist in all the Scottish universities, to be enjoyed at the national university, as the reward of tried merit and notable talent. We should delight to see all the English, Irish, and Scottish universities warmed by the central fire of the national university, and venerating it as at once a symbol and a source of the national life. Rather let good men, like Professor Ferrier, henceforth aid in these stupendous university developments and transformations, than jangle about the Scottish philosophy—the Old and the New. England has yet much to achieve for philosophy as well as for religion; but it must be England in its vastest aggregate, including not only Scotland and Ireland, but every spot to which the English genius and the English language have penetrated. Indeed, the next phase of universal philosophy will be an English phase. It will be the deepest idea which the East can give to England in exchange for England's colossal industrialisms—an idea to be clothed in England's richest poetry. England is yet destined to have a Shakspeare in philosophy, if, in truth, Shakspeare may not now be considered her greatest philosopher. Shakspeare's philosophy is that alone which the nation as a whole has accepted. But the events that have happened and the discoveries that have been made since Shakspeare's time, and the revelations that have come to us since then from the past and from the miraculous Oriental world, render another Shakspeare the philosopher necessary and possible. Shakspeare is the most catholic of modern authors; and no new Shakspeare can be more catholic than he. What the new Shakspeare is to do is to gather and compress, and mould into a divinely organised, the materials of philosophy which lie so prodigally and so chaotically scattered about. England in philosophy does not want idealism, does not want sensationalism, does not want anything theoretic, anything systematic; she wants a palace of thought whose four gates, turned to the four corners of the universe, admit all beautiful forms, all gorgeous imaginings, all profound and potent emotions, all fervours of prayer. England, in reference to philosophy, has been sneered at as hard and utilitarian; but she has merely been waiting for the hour when the contentions of the pedants and the extravagances of the ideologists should cease. Philosophy should be as popular as poetry; but, in order to that, it must be a kind of poetry. Metaphysics ought not to be regarded as the essence of mind, but as the essence of life; of life in its infinite flowings, garbs, metamorphoses. That essence of life no dreary Hegelianism can reach. England alone can dower the world with a living philosophy, because England alone of nations is alive. But in her hand enormous mechanical agencies have been tending to annihilate the individual. It is indispensable, there-

fore, that the rehabilitation of the individual should be preached. When the rehabilitation of the individual is complete, the millions of rehabilitated individuals will shout for the coming of that Shakspeare of whose wise words they will all in their heart have the presentiment. A poor and meaningless whisper beside those words will the Scottish psychology be. M. Comte is kind enough to inform us that his is the final philosophy. A final philosophy there cannot be. But one of England's sons will build up, in the fulness of time, a philosophy more vital, more organic, more catholic, than any philosophy that has gone before it. We can be his heralds by fragmentary utterances in philosophy; and, strive as Professor Ferrier may, he can never as philosopher be ought but such a herald. ATTICUS.

HISTORY.

England's Greatness: its Rise and Progress in Government, Laws, Religion, and Social Life, Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufactures, Science, Literature, and Arts, from the Earliest Period to the Peace of Paris. By JOHN WADE. London: Longman and Co.

THE present is an age of epitomes and manuals; and it is necessary, if not well, that it should be so. So vastly has the circle of knowledge widened and enlarged during the last generation, so infinitely are its boundaries still expanding, that even they whose station and means permit them to elaborate their education at leisure would have to leave life with one thousandth part of its marvels and its facts unknown, if they had to accumulate for themselves the materials of knowledge, or even if they had to extract from a mass, ready to their hands, the essences and results of science. Hence it is that good compendia, handbooks, treatises, and even (least valuable of all) general essays, which embody, or profess to embody, the flower and quintessence of things, are demanding and obtaining increased and almost exclusive attention. Sad signs of the times, says the precisian and formalist of the old school; little good can flow from barren abbreviations, which are generally little better than falsifications of principles and facts. It may be so; indeed, the proposition is too manifest for refutation. But then what is the alternative? Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take; and all such knowledge must team with inaccuracies. But inaccurate knowledge is better than none at all, since the good sense of this country has long repudiated the vulgar interpretation of the maxim that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. A man who is unable to read the original classics, and who has neither time to study, nor power to understand Niebuhr and Arnold, may yet pick up a very sufficient knowledge of Roman history from Keightley or Liddell. Johnston will teach much valuable chemistry to one who has never entered and will never enter a laboratory. Stephen, J. W. Smith, and J. Williams impart nearly all the necessary law of common life to those who will never open a report or enter a court. So in every department of knowledge there are good elementary textbooks, which form a very small library, and which may be easily mastered by all who care to have a practical as well as a theoretical acquaintance with the great principles and facts of all science.

A good text-book is, therefore, a very valuable thing; and it is by no means an easy thing to produce. The eclectic and condensing faculties of the mind are not by any means common gifts; and it is easier to find twenty people who can narrate tolerably than one who can generalise satisfactorily. Take the subject before us—English History. Rapin has related diffusely, and Goldsmith concisely, the leading political events of the History of England. Their research is not great; but their narrative is agreeable, and on the whole correct. Hume, Macaulay, and Mahon take higher and more modern ground: Hallam gives the elaborate philosophy of the whole. But these are writers whose works require to be pondered for months or years, and there are few whose mature occupations allow of such exclusive study. On the other hand, here we have before us, in a very pleasant and readable form, a moderate-sized book, which gives us the prominent facts and philosophy which the ripest modern minds have elicited from our national history. Surely such a book is of the sort which is wanted; and, if faithfully done, its author must be held to have contributed a valuable quota to current literature.

Now, without pledging ourselves to all Mr. Wade's views, we are happy to congratulate him on having published a work which is likely to prove extensively useful. His book is a social as well as a political history of England from the earliest times, and has a great superiority over all similar books with which we are acquainted, in the fact that several chapters are devoted to interesting pictures of English manners in consecutive ages. He combines narrative and commentary with much judgment, allowing neither the purely historical to absorb the critical element, nor the latter to extinguish the former. His style is clear and popular; his views are generally the same; and we know of no better handbook to recommend to general readers and students who wish, with little expenditure of time and trouble, to gain that average knowledge of English history, without which none can mix in society without incurring the ridicule and contempt which are the lot of ignorance, nor even understand the recent and actual political and social phenomena of the day.

Mr. Wade starts with the Ancient Britons, and ends with Queen Victoria and the Peace Conference of 1855. During that period of nearly two thousand years he traces with much good sense the transitional gradations by which England has reached her present height of material prosperity. Of kings and wars he has happily no more to say than was essential to the story of the strictly commercial aggrandisement and progressive civilisation of the nation. He says of his book:—

It is not an abridgment of British history, or a brief narrative of political progress, with which every one is familiar; but a condensed embodiment in spirit and form of national development, as characterised by its most remarkable epochs; illustrated by individual traits and memorable transitions; and exemplified in the contemporary growth of art, industry, intellect, social life and gradations. History, biography, science, and literature, in different degrees, have been laid under contribution to complete the national picture.

Also:

It became necessary that I should not only define the civil and ecclesiastical progress of the country, but its industrial, intellectual, and artistic career; to outline not only its successive advances in political and social distinctions, but in its agriculture, commerce and manufactures, science, literature, fine and useful arts. In all these England is pre-eminent; they make up the aggregate of her existing vivid life; and to solve the phenomena of our present organisation, it was essential to glance at our achievements in each line of pursuit, from commencement to completion.

Hence his history, although strictly and chronologically historical, partakes so far of generalisation that events are grouped into eras which sometimes comprise centuries, and which contain not so much a series of consecutive and unconnected incidents as a cycle of national progress complete in itself. Hence England's greatness, according to Mr. Wade's philosophy, which we hold to be the true one, comes forward from the distant centuries in an advancing tide, of which the reflux is only imaginary; for, even when the wave has apparently retired, the great body of water has, we know, advanced. Or, borrowing another metaphor from another philosophy, it resembles the process of animal creation, in which the first rudimentary cell or knot becomes the nucleus of the head, and so elementary formation proceeds until the imperceptible germ has graduated through numberless advancing stages into the complete and perfect organism. In such a process, it is plain that connection is ever a more conspicuous fact than change; and, although the ripper result bears little outward relation to its origin, yet we know that the law of identity has been preserved throughout, and that if we fail to trace and mark it, the fault is in our perception, not in the deficiency or inconsistency of nature.

So it is in national history. The child is father to the man—the ancient Briton to the modern Englishman. How he is so, Mr. Wade shows very successfully. In fact, his history is interesting and valuable, not merely for its fund of actual information, but also as a picture of the latest and most enlightened ideas which have been formed on the subject. Contrast such a book with the compendia which have been in use even up to the last ten years, and it gives no mean conception of the acumen of the author, as well as of the intellectual progress of the nation during that period.

We have said that he groups events into eras and cycles. Thus the Anglo-Saxon dominion

forms the first distinct circle. The Norman dynasty succeeds and throws its marked character over the race, and simultaneously we have an account of the curious framework of feudal institutions, local customs, popular art, and literature. Then follows the era of the Plantagenets with its French wars, baronial feuds, terminating with the wars of the Roses. A very fair view is taken of the contemporaneous progress and influence of Papacy, and its utility in paving the way for a more enlightened faith. We arrive at the age of the Tudors, and see feudalism declining and royalty supreme; but the Commons are also rising fast into notice; and the Reformation of the sixteenth century is but the introduction to the Revolution of the seventeenth. There is much pauperism, much discontent abroad, much ignorance, and much superstition; but they are passing away, and the people are in a fair way to become paramount and deserving of their supremacy. The civil wars establish the fact that the people are at least an element in the constitution; and the reactionary revolutions of 1660 and 1688 have merely the effect of making the King and the aristocracy powerful, but no longer despotical influences. The settled state of the constitution receives a still further development in 1832; and the result leaves us as we are now—a nation in which the wealth and enlightenment of the many have established an indisputable supremacy over the selfish interests of the few.

These facts and principles are familiar to all; but it was not the less the duty of Mr. Wade to impress them adequately on his readers. He has done so very satisfactorily; and, although they afforded him little scope for novel speculation, he has creditably escaped the follies and fallacies of paradox. But a wider and newer field opened itself to him in describing the manners and social progress of the nation during the seething fermentation of its political agitations; and it is only due to Mr. Wade to say that the result is seen in some very interesting and instructive chapters, the substance of which has been carefully gathered from original records.

Thus he contrasts well the successive conditions of art, literature, and manufacture in successive generations. Great is the difference in this respect between even the continuous seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. At the end of the former period manufactures scarcely existed, and were the poor products which their etymology indicates. At the end of the eighteenth century Watt and Arkwright had applied their great inventions; and the newest element of the national system—the manufacturing interest—was rapidly obtaining a position by the side of the landed interest. Journalism scarcely existed in the year 1700; in 1800 it was becoming, what it has since become, the governing voice of the community.

But, we direct particular attention to one chapter—the twenty-fifth in Mr. Wade's history—as giving an excellent epitome of social manners in the reign of George III. It describes the reaction from the dissoluteness of the reigns of the first two Georges to the starved propriety which prevailed until the fourth George inaugurated a saturnalian reaction, not unlike that which succeeded to the reign of the Puritans. The strictness of George III.'s Court had, however, only a superficial effect on the world beyond; and under the mask of conventional decorum human nature remained pretty much as it has always been in reality. Paris was the great emporium of fashion.

George Selwyn, then living at Paris, was the chief purveyor to the fancies of his London friends. Lord Thynne writes to him for a *richerché* waistcoat, to be sent to Dessein's, at Calais. The Hon. St. John Bolingbroke has a commission for chinaware; in the same epistle, owning that in one "so poor it is ridiculous to think of being a patriot." The Earl of March, who was the great dash of his time, and the cleverest both on the turf, at the table, and in the slips of the opera, has several orders. December 1766, he writes, "Pray bring me a dozen of the kind of gloves I bought at Dulac's. They are lined with a kind of wash-leather, and the tops were lined in the inside with silk." A few days later he "prays" for "two or three bottles of perfume, to put amongst powder. I wish, also, you would bring me some patterns of spring velvets and silk for furs, and that you would make inquiry at Calais about my black silk coat lined with an *Astrakhan*." Then the "danseuse" is not forgotten. "A dozen pairs of silk stockings for Zamperini, of a very small size, and with embroidered clocks. I should also be glad to have some riband, a cap, or something or other for her of that sort. She is but fifteen. You may advise with Lady Rochford, who will choose something that may be fit for her." The Earl of March, a lord of the bedchamber to George III., is best known as the

Duke of Queensberry, of Piccadilly notoriety half a century past. He lived to a great age, and died immensely rich. Though a sensualist who despised the opinion of the world, he was—rather an unusual characteristic of his class—not without generosity, and was eminently shrewd in judgment. In one letter he reproves his friend Selwyn for preaching against Voltaire, who, he says, "has done more good by his writings upon tolerance than all the priests in Europe." Among the random adventures of the day may be mentioned the marriage of Lord Coventry with the beautiful Maria Gunning, at Mayfair Chapel, at half an hour after midnight, with a ring of the bed-curtain. Another nuptial extraordinary was the marriage of a sister of Lord Rockingham with John Sturgeon, the footman, and whose company she had kept under the pretext of teaching him mathematics. The lady, however, had the prudent forecast to settle all her property, so that John should only have a disposing power over a hundred pound annuity. A Duke of Hamilton is spoken of as the "abstract of Scotch pride;" and the Duchess (also a Gunning—there were three besides) "walk into dinner before their company; sit together at the upper end of that table; eat off the same plate; and drink to nobody under the rank of an earl." These must have been eccentrics of *Le Crème* of a medieval type, and long obsolete. The Selwyn coterie was a living representative of the time, inclining a little perhaps above the average to the epicurean sty, but gems of fine polish, by which the *dramatis personæ* of the fashionable comedy and novel were sought to be set; rather too dissolute for present taste, but of the high patrician cast, and gentlemen by birth, fortune, social connection, and collegiate education. They were patrons of the fine arts; but it has been remarked of them that they seldom refer to the literati then living, whose memories are cherished by a grateful posterity.

Again:

The changes of fashion often caused great distress among workmen. In 1765 the peace of the metropolis was disturbed by the peruke-makers, who went in procession to petition the King against the innovation of people wearing their own hair. At the recovery of George III., after his first illness, an immense number of buccles were manufactured; they were spread over the whole kingdom. All the wealth of Walsall was invested in the speculation. The King went to St. Paul's without buckles—shoestrings supplied their place, and Walsall was nearly ruined. The disuse of wigs, leather-breeches, buckles, and buttons is supposed to have affected the industry of a million of persons. Traces of changes of costume, of the dominant passion of the age, and its most notable characters, are almost invariably preserved by an ultra-presentment of them in caricatures, songs, and satires. They characterised and enlivened in a remarkable degree the reign of King George. Caricatures, which are pictorial exaggerations, a *reductio ad absurdum* of scenes and persons, their habits and conduct, appeal most vividly to the popular apprehension of the ludicrous. The favourite subjects to the artists of fun were the sans-culotte extravagances of the French revolutionists; and at home the coalition of North and Fox, the fiscal devices of Minister Pitt, the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and the "Alarmists." It was the popular belief that Hastings had bribed the Court of St. James's with presents of diamonds of large size, and in great profusion, to shelter his Indian delinquencies. Caricatures on this subject were to be seen in every printshop. In one of these Hastings is represented wheeling away in a barrow the King, with his crown and sceptre, observing, "What a man buys he may sell;" and in another the King is represented on his knees, with his mouth wide open, Hastings pitching diamonds into it. A common representation of the King and Queen was as "Farmer George and his Wife;" his Majesty's familiarity of manner, general somnolency, Weymouth displays, and his prying into cottage domesticities—to wit, the mystery of the seamless apple-dumpling—afforded unflinching hits for Peter Pindar, Sayer, and Gilray, as George II.'s homely humour had done for Hogarth. The dissipation of the Prince of Wales suggested his portrayal as "The Prodigal Son," the Prince's feathers in the mire, and the inscription on his garter reduced to the word "honi." In one print a Brighton party is represented—"The Jovial Crew, or Merry Beggars;" among the Prince's convives are Mrs. Fitzherbert, Fox, Sheridan, Lord North, and Captain Morris—"Jolly companions every one."

We have said enough of Mr. Wade's book to show our opinion that it deserves a place in the standard library of useful knowledge. It will be useful to two classes: first, to those who are unacquainted or imperfectly acquainted with the history of their country, and who wish to acquire their information with little expense of time and trouble; and secondly, to a higher class of readers, who may wish to recover or consolidate impressions and knowledge which they have either forgotten or digested imperfectly.

As a school-book, it will be useful; as an aid to self-educating adults, valuable; and finally, as a reference and index for the advanced student it will be convenient and satisfactory.

Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel. By M. Guizot. London: Richard Bentley. 1857.

In the CRITIC (Vol. XV., pp. 518, 569) have already appeared two articles founded upon the work, before it received its English dress. A detailed notice of it in this place would therefore be superfluous; and we must confine ourselves to saying that the translator has left nothing to be desired in rendering the sonorous French of the accomplished ex-minister of Louis Philippe into elegant and vigorous English.

BIOGRAPHY.

MISSISSIPPI SCHEME.

The Financier Law: His Schemes and Times. London: James Blackwood. 1856.

WHETHER John Law, of Lauriston, is to be classed among honest financiers or designing knaves is a question which will probably be quite settled only when historians are agreed upon the true characters of Crook-backed Richard and the fair Queen of Scots, and when bibliophiles become unanimous as to the authorship of Junius. It is a moot point, and we fear that it is likely to remain so for anything that the author of the neat little volume before us has done to clear it up.

If a great philosophical and financial genius—a mind gifted with a great power of comprehension, and at the same time a talent for details—were to take this matter for the text of a sermon upon commercial morality and the madness of speculation, what a homily might be made of it! Of all the stirring themes suggested by these stirring times none is more important than this; none goes deeper into the secret operations of those eternal laws which create and regulate society. What is honest commerce and what dishonest gambling? What are the exact limits of commercial morality, and to what lengths may the elastic conscience of a respectable trader be permitted to stretch without loss of good name? What is the difference between the speculator and the gamster? Is not speculation, in very truth, but another form of that terrible vice of avarice which destroys men's souls and saps the very foundations of society? These are questions which seem to us worthy the attention of the grandest intellect; and he will be a benefactor to mankind who succeeds in solving them so convincingly that men shall adopt and act upon his dictum. A certain Monsieur Ponsard, a poet of very indifferent qualities, who has caught the knack of writing in the classic style of Corneille and Racine, but without acquiring the slightest vestige of their genius (and who, since this article was penned, has gained for himself a universal notoriety by an absurd and presumptuous depreciation of Shakspeare), has lately attempted to grapple with this great topic; but, of course, the result has been a miserable failure. The comedy of *La Bourse* is nothing but a wretched compromise between an impotent desire to castigate the crime and a fear of offending the greatest criminals. Even if M. Ponsard did not labour under the disadvantage of being utterly unable to rise to a level with his subject, it would be impossible for him to do full justice to it without mortally offending those with whom he especially wishes to stand well. What should we say of a man who preached against all the little sins, and dedicated his sermon to the Father of Evil himself?

In our own country absolutely nothing has been done to investigate and check the diabolical madness of speculation. A sermon here and there; three fraudulent bankers sent to the treadmill; effervescent indignation of leading-article writers thereupon—these things do certainly happen, but they will no more destroy the evil than the committal of Bill Sykes will abolish burglary. Even the stage is silent upon this topic—or worse. The only piece that has at all touched upon it of late was a barefaced crib from De Balzac's "Mercadet," which, far from condemning, seemed rather to smile approvingly upon the little innocent bubbles of speculation: for De Balzac was a great speculator himself. Speculator! Why, who is not a speculator? Pope, Emperor, and Czar, all are speculators. Keen old Louis Philippe was a very crafty speculator; and his successor is said to do a very fine stroke of business upon the Stock Exchange. Sir John Dean Paul was an unsuccessful speculator; and thousands of respectable men who occupy high places in the synagogue, and whose names yet stand fair before the world, are successful speculators. What is the difference between them? Surely it cannot be that success

is all that lies between absolute good and absolute evil.

To return, however, to John Law, of Lauriston, and his extraordinary career. When the History of Speculation comes to be written that man's name must stand upon the very first page. He was a Scotchman, as his name implies, and was born in the year 1671. His father was a goldsmith and banker in Edinburgh, who died when Law was very young, and left him a comfortable independence. From the very first he seems to have been of a restless dissatisfied disposition. At an early age he went to London, where he soon took to gambling. A duel, which ended fatally for his antagonist, sent him abroad, and in every capital on the Continent he became notorious as a remarkably successful gamster. His good luck was indeed so invariable that it attracted the attention of the police upon various occasions, at whose suggestion he frequently found it prudent to change his residence from one capital to another. Presently, however, Louis the Magnificent of France (commonly called Louis Quatorze) died, leaving the wealthy country over which he had reigned in such a magnificent manner absolutely bankrupt. This is no figure of speech. The boundless extravagance of this monarch had really exhausted the resources of the kingdom; and so bad was the credit of his government, that the last loan negotiated for him was at four hundred per cent. Within fourteen years he had contracted a national debt of about one hundred and forty-two millions sterling; and the expenses of every year left a deficit to swell this tremendous balance against the Government credit. When he died the treasury was empty, and the people were taxed to the utmost of their ability.

At this unhappy juncture, the Regent Orleans succeeded to the reins of power—about as bad a man and as unfit to deal with such complicated circumstances as it would be possible to conceive. The first financial expedient for reducing the national debt which suggested itself to this Prince was to revise the securities on which it depended—in other words, to declare them to be worth less than they had been issued for; so successfully was this done, that the possessor of 100 francs of paper on the death of Louis XIV. could not have got for it more than 20 francs in specie after the revision. The next expedient was to interfere with the specie itself, which was reduced in intrinsic value about 43 per cent. After that, he took a bolder flight, by constituting a Court of Confiscation, misnamed of Justice, which examined into the wealth of all rich men and in the end robbed them of about 800 millions of francs. We can do no more than mention these atrocities here; but it requires no very great sagacity or experience of the world to understand the confusion into which such measures must have plunged everything. Confidence in the good faith of the Government was destroyed; robbery and oppression became legal; informers were encouraged; even torture was resorted to—and still the Government was in a bankrupt state. At this precise juncture of affairs came Law, with his scheme for enriching everybody, and especially for filling with gold the coffers of the impoverished Regent.

The first part of Law's scheme consisted in the establishment of a joint-stock bank, capital six millions, divided into 1200 shares of 5000 francs each. This was legitimate enough. The interference with the specie had rendered hard cash unpopular, and paper found favour in the eyes of the multitude. This Law at once perceived, and he was not slow to profit by it. Confidence in Law's paper-notes soon grew into a mania, and they were very soon sold at a premium. Then, of course, he extended his operations, and, by offering to discount trade bills at a reasonable rate, sent immense quantities of his notes into circulation. All this was wild enough—an immense credit upon a very slender capital; but it was as nothing beside the great Mississippi scheme, which was Law's next great move. The basis of this scheme was the fictitious supposition that inexhaustible wealth was to be derived from Louisiana, on the banks of the Mississippi, then in the possession of the Crown of France. It is true that the wealth now produced by that flourishing state is enormous; but it is produced in a very different manner from that which was suggested by the feverish dreams of Law and his supporters. It was then said that the country bordering the Mississippi contained "mountains full of gold and silver, copper, lead, and quicksilver;" rocks of emerald had even

been seen. The truth was, that the country was at that time little better than a swamp inhabited by savages. This, then, was the foundation upon which the magnificent superstructure of the Mississippi scheme was raised. The Regent Orleans lent the sanction of his authority and the assistance of his power to swell out the tremendous bubble. Young people were taken out of prisons and from the hospitals, and were sent out to colonise the land of promise, many of whom died on the way, whilst all who had the misfortune to arrive at their destination were speedily dispatched either by the savages or the marsh fever. When these sources of emigration failed, soldiers were actually sent into the streets, with power to apprehend all who could not give a good account of themselves, and to send them off to the colony. Thus were all the horrors of slavery brought into the streets of the most civilised city of the world. Meantime, nothing could exceed the frenzy which possessed the speculators in the shares of the company. Those who know something of the South-Sea madness, or who appreciated all the symptoms of that dangerous disease with which the railway epidemic infected the community, can form some faint appreciation of the state of French society at this time. In order to give a greater prestige to Law's operations, the Regent made him Minister of Finance, and from that time his success was unbounded. Speculators realised millions.

Everybody flocked to the Rue Quincampoix, as to a new Golconda, and the price of accommodation in that locality exceeded everything that had previously been heard of. The inhabitants converted every part of their houses into places of business.

Some sorts of boxes were even seen erected on the roofs. Buvat mentions an attorney of the Châtelet who let out a lower room in his house at the rate of fifty livres a day, which would have amounted to 18,000 livres a year. The dealers in provisions in the neighbourhood did not know whom to listen to, and gold flowed in heaps. The tavern-keepers, confectioners, and cooks, to rid themselves of the crowd, placed excessive prices on their provisions, but no one thought of bargaining: a partridge put up to a kind of auction in the Rue aux Ours was knocked down at 200 livres.

The luxury that prevailed everywhere was astonishing, and, when the madness was over, it needed an edict to prevent the further manufacture in the precious metals of the commonest articles of furniture.

"Would people believe," says Duhautechamp, "that there were stockjobbers who played as easily at piquet with 10,000 livres notes as if they were playing for ten sous pieces?" A music-mad Mississippian, named Denis Leroche, married an actress and kept open house to the opera-singers of both sexes. The contractor Fargès, marrying a second time, together with his two daughters and his niece, celebrated the four weddings by a princely fête, of which his Château de Montfermeil was the scene. During eight days the rarest meats and the most exquisite wines were served in extraordinary profusion: choirs composed of the most skilful musicians, orchestras inviting to the dance, succeeded each other without cessation; and at night-time the apartments, gardens, and park were illuminated by an enormous number of torches of white wax.

At this juncture there arose an extraordinary rage for investments. Everything was bought up—land, houses, and merchandise. One speculator bought an entire impression of "Bayle's Dictionary." As everything was paid for in notes, the market was soon inundated with paper, which accordingly soon underwent a gradual depreciation. This was the commencement of the reaction. It was like the assignats which were afterwards issued by the Republican Directory. The necessities of life had to be purchased at what appeared to be fabulously large sums. About this time, also, there arose rumours that the shores of the Mississippi were not so golden as they had been painted. News arrived telling of the sad fate of the persons who had been violently seized and doomed to a forced emigration. It is well known that nothing exceeds the rapidity with which a speculating mania becomes popular except the manner in which the process of disenchantment affects the public mind. No sooner did suspicion arise than there were public disturbances in Paris. Tradesmen asked 30, 50, and even 100 per cent. more for their goods when notes were presented in payment. Law and the Government made desperate efforts to save the credit of their paper. They decreed it to be illegal for any person to have in possession more than a certain sum in gold and silver, and the limit assigned was not very

extended: they even attempted to abolish the use of gold specie, and domiciliary visits were instituted for the purpose of enforcing the observance of these laws. Some large seizures were made at the houses of successful speculators, and, upon the detection of several attempts to deport treasure out of the country, the property was in each case seized and appropriated by the Government. But all this only tended to unsettle the public mind still further, and to render Law and his schemes still more hateful. The murder of a poor fellow named Lacroix by the Count de Horn and his associates had at the time a great effect upon the public, though, in truth, it was a crime that might have occurred at any other period. It is to the credit of the Regent Orleans that he sternly refused to listen to the numerous and powerful pleadings addressed to him on behalf of the young nobleman, who expiated his crime by that most dreadful of all deaths, being broken upon the wheel. There now arose a general feeling of insecurity as to life and property.

The public, always led into extremes, was persuaded that the two executed criminals were the leaders of a numerous band, organised for the most frightful purposes. This report derived some credit from a series of crimes that were discovered one after the other. The valet-de-chambre of a Lieutenant-general, entrusted by his master to negotiate for 100,000 livres of shares, was found cut to pieces at the foot of the Pont Royal. In the night following the execution of the Count de Horn, the watch discovered, near the Temple walls, a hired carriage, half upset, without horses or driver, in which was a bag filled with the body of a woman cut in pieces, who had been murdered, they said, after having been robbed of 300,000 livres in bank notes. Five assassinations of this kind occurred during the following eight days. A quantity of arms, legs, and trunks of the corpses of people who had been assassinated and cut to pieces were dragged out of the river.

The fact was, the days of the scheme were numbered, and also those of its projector. The Regent lost all confidence in him, and said that "his head was turned." There were some insane efforts to stay the coming storm—such as uniting the bank and the company into one concern, which, as they were both insolvent, added to the security of neither. Every effort was made to raise money, and even stock-jobbing was forbidden, as tending to depreciate the value of the shares. The holders of the bank-notes began to clamour for their conversion into gold; but the bank declared that it could do no more than pay one ten-livre note to each person. In spite of this declaration, the struggles to obtain even this small modicum of cash were terrible:

To economise the cash, the offices were only opened from morning till midday. Only one note of ten livres was paid to each person, and very slowly, so that half the people, crowded ever since the night previous, returned home worn out with fatigue, wearied by the excessive heat, dying of hunger, and without having obtained anything. The Rue Vivienne was a kind of field of battle, where the dead and wounded were daily picked up. On the 5th of July, stones having been thrown in the gardens of the Mazarin Palace, twenty soldiers charged with fixed bayonets against the thick crowd. On the following days several persons were stifled to death.

This could not last long. The people began to lose patience, and to assemble in masses before the Palais Royal, the residence of the Regent, who became alarmed. So, apparently, did every one except the chief mover of the business.

In a carriage, turning the corner of the Rue Croix der Petits Champs, and entering the Rue St. Honoré, a woman recognised the director of the bank. This unfortunate creature had just heard of the death of her husband, who had been stifled in the morning. She stopped the horses by seizing their bridles, and cried out "Vengeance!" Law sprang out, and, recovering his old duellist's presence of mind, coolly said to those who were attacking him, "You are a set of scum" (*vous êtes des canailles*). Whether the expression was lost in the noise, or that his majestic coolness awed the crowd, the Scotchman managed to reach the Palais Royal without accident.

But the game was up. The Parliament was against Law, and, although the Regent tried hard to support him, his fall was imminent. The Regent found himself reduced to the alternative of losing either his power or his friend, and we cannot wonder that he chose the latter for his sacrifice. Yet he did not abandon Law entirely, for he refused to commit him to the Bastille, and enabled him to escape. Of all his vast fortune (and it should be remembered that Law brought three millions of livres with him to Paris, the fruit of his former speculations and his

gambling), he carried with him only 36,000 livres, and a diamond worth 16,000 crowns.

After his departure the scheme was wound up, under the supervision of able financiers. A strict examination was made of all claims upon the company and Government, and a large number of them were cancelled. Those, however, that were allowed, amounted altogether to nearly 1700 millions of frames, which were transformed into perpetual annuities at 2½ per cent. or life annuities at 4 per cent. Such was the legacy which Law left behind him.

It is not a little strange, however, that when Law retired from France he was received with great honour wherever he went. It is said that immediately after his disgrace Peter the Great wished him to come and take the direction of his finances; but there is no reliable evidence in support of that assertion. What is more certain is, that he lived honourably in Italy, Germany, Denmark, and England, and that he died at Venice, in 1729.

Our own opinion of Law is that he was a sort of man which, there is too much reason to fear, is becoming a type in these days. The leading feature of his character appears to have been that he suffered his love of speculation to outweigh every other consideration. He does not seem to have been an avaricious man; and it is probable that he wished rather to be at the head of large and extraordinary operations than to enjoy the despicable pleasure of merely heaping up money. He began as a gambler at the card-table, and ended by being a gambler on the Exchange. This was only a change of instruments: first, dice and pasteboard, afterwards shares and banknotes. As for his scheme, as far as the bank was concerned, it appears to have been legitimate enough; indeed, it was nothing more than what a joint-stock banking company now is; but the Mississippi portion of the business was a swindle, founded upon lies and tricks. If the bubble had not exploded so rapidly, it is not at all impossible that the adventure would have ended well. Who knows but that the fiction might not have begotten the reality, and that the colonisation of Louisiana would not have produced wealth fully equal to what the wildest fiction of Law and his accomplices had dared to invent? But the disenchantment came too soon for any such favourable result, and Law suffered the fate which is common to the majority of speculators—he could not hold out long enough to be successful.

RELIGION.

The Bible and Lord Shaftesbury: an Examination of the Positions of his Lordship respecting the Holy Scriptures, delivered at a Public Meeting of the Bible Society at Oxford, on Wednesday, November 27th, 1856; in a Letter to John D. Macbride, Esq., D.C.L., Principal of Magdalen Hall, Oxford. By the Rev. HENRY BURGESS, LL.D., Ph.D., Curate of Clifton Reynes; Editor of the Journal of Sacred Literature and the Clerical Journal, and Member of the Royal Society of Literature. Oxford and London: John Henry and James Parker. 1856. 8vo. pp. 48.

In this pamphlet Dr. Burgess discusses three topics, distinct, yet related closely to one another, and brought together in the Oxford speech of Lord Shaftesbury. These are, the relation of the Bible to the Church as the means of teaching Christianity to heathens or persons unacquainted with its nature and claims; the question of Biblical revision; and the doctrine of the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. On each of these matters Lord Shaftesbury is thought by the author to be found wanting, when his arguments and statements are deprived of their *ad populum* character, and weighed in the balances of Catholic or orthodox truth. On the first subject, the opinion of Lord Shaftesbury, and of a very large body of religious persons is, that the Bible is sufficient to accomplish the conversion of men; an opinion which leads to the practice of circulating immense numbers of Bibles in heathen lands, without the previous instruction of the Church. This method Dr. Burgess affirms is an erroneous one, and he states what he thinks the true state of the case as follows:—

The Catholic doctrine on the subject I am discussing is the following:—The Church preceded the Bible, both under Moses and under our Lord. The Church is the divinely-appointed instrument for converting the world—the little heaven which is to permeate and influence the whole lump. When men are brought into the Church, then they become amenable to the

Holy Scriptures, which form the *statute law* of the whole community. As the Apostles did not give Bibles to the heathen, but preached to them the kingdom of heaven, so we know of no dispensation granted to modern times to alter that arrangement. The Bible all through presupposes a society established, having already what we may call a *common law*, laid down by our Lord and His Apostles; which, however, in all cases of doubt, is subjected to the *written law*, indited by the Holy Ghost.

Without directly advocating Bible revision, as any pressing necessity at the present time, the author shows that the fear of any alteration doing harm to religion, as entertained and expressed by Lord Shaftesbury, is an unworthy one, savouring more of the timid policy of the Vatican than of an enlightened Protestantism. We can only quote a summary of what is advanced on this head:—

The facts of the case may be told in a few words. Our present Bible is a revision of a translation,—a version which indeed had been revised again and again, until it took nearly its present form two hundred and forty-five years ago. The translators, or rather revisers, in King James's time, make no pretence to perfectness, but speak modestly of their labours, as being conscious that they admitted of improvement. To suppose then that in two centuries and a half our venerable version has not exhibited faults in the light of all the learned piety which God has granted our country since then, is monstrously absurd, savouring more of the Vatican than of England in the nineteenth century. All sensible men, however, admit at once the imperfections of the version, and the only question that is to be entertained is, is such a revision as will remove the acknowledged faults practicable? In the present state of parties, it is thought that we had better "let well alone;" and as the English Bible contains all that is necessary for faith and practice, and is at least as perfect in relation to the Hebrew and Greek, as the Septuagint and Vulgate, we must submit to abide by that decision.

The third part of this letter, on Inspiration, severely condemns the statement of Lord Shaftesbury, that, rather than entertain any modified form of what he calls plenary inspiration, "it would be far better to plunge at once into ultra-Romanism of the most ultra description, or into ultra-infidelity or even into downright atheism!" This is certainly an extraordinary assumption, making as it does many excellent divines and pious men more dangerous than atheists and extreme infidels; and Dr. Burgess shows the groundlessness as well as the folly of the charge, in a manner which cannot well be refuted. He proves that all that orthodox Christianity, both in the early ages and as represented by Protestant confessions, has ever demanded, is, a belief in the Bible as of *divine authority*, without pleading for plenary inspiration at all. We cannot do better than illustrate the position thus taken by an extract, with which we leave the pamphlet, presuming that this slight account of its contents will induce some of our readers to peruse it for themselves.

What I plead for is charity within the bounds of Catholic consent and orthodoxy; so that, while ourselves holding more, probably, than the Church has ever required, we should not make our superfluity the judge of other men's shortcomings. Let it be made to appear, by Lord Shaftesbury or any one else, that the Bible and the Church do demand a belief in the inspiration of every statement in the Old and New Testaments, and the case is decided, and all impugnors of the decision are heretical. But in the face of the notorious fact that such a demand is not, and never has been, made; and that learned and devoted Christian men maintain a lower view of what inspiration is, it appears to myself an unpardonable assumption for any man to unchristianise his brethren on any such subjective grounds. Obedience to Christ, arising from a love to his person and work, which would lead its possessor to prefer imprisonment and death to a denial of His name, has been, and is now, united with a different estimate of the Holy Scriptures from that formed by a party in the Church. A recognition of the Divinity of our Lord, and His having made "a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world;" an entire confidence in the divine origin and supernatural continuance of the visible Church, and a daily dependance on the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, for aid and illumination on the road to heaven—are perfectly compatible with a conviction that, in minor matters, the sacred writers were left to the ordinary resources of honest witnesses, with no motive but to tell what they knew to those they instructed. If this is true—if the dogmas of men on this subject are neither required by the Bible nor necessary for obedience to the faith or holiness of life—it may surely be asked of Lord Shaftesbury and his party, "Now, therefore, why tempt ye Christ to put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples?"

MEDICINE.

Journal of Public Health and Sanitary Review, &c. Edited by B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D., &c. No. VII., for October. London: Thomas Richards.

A VERY sensible theme for consideration to follow the preceding article on State Medicine is the present number of Dr. Richardson's valuable and, we may call it, classical journal. We say classical, among the rest of the medical journals; for we ever find in it original essays, views, and inquiries of a higher class than are generally to be met with in the periodical medical literature of this country. As we are addressing a mixed range of readers, all that we can offer to them under the head of "Medicine" is a short but clear exposition of the most important facts and researches of medical men. Now the generality of medical journals deal in cases; reports of hospital practice; precipitate conclusions drawn from scanty, if not false, premises; and personal opinions of the editor, dealt out under the form of a leader. This species of professional information has its use, no doubt; but we seldom, if ever, find in it subjects for large, comprehensive, and philosophical consideration. Now, with regard to Dr. Richardson's journal the reverse is the case. We meet with no *minute* and every-day details of medical practice to swell its pages; but select papers on subjects of paramount interest both to patient and physician, as well as to the more healthy public; and the difference, consequently, which we find between the two kinds of medical periodicals is, that, whereas after perusing the one we lay it down and find no occasion to return to it again, after we have read the several papers contained in the other we are induced to reflect, and are glad to recur to them again for confirmation or illustration of our own views, suggested by a first perusal.

In the present number we have an original article "On Air and Ventilation," which proves the correctness of our opinion on this point. After perusing it with great attention, we concur with its writer in considering it as an epitome of the various plans and suggestions bearing on the subject of ventilation, to which we may turn as a resting-place when we require to know the history of the few real facts connected with it, or look for the suggestion of new ones. It is, moreover, written in a light, humorous, and airy style, as becomes the subject. A wretched punster, speaking of the many devices of modern days for the accomplishment of ventilation, and the jarring difference existing between any two of them, has said that "the whole question of ventilation requires to be thoroughly ventilated." This remark conveys some touch of the truth; for as yet the genius of the age has done little more than adopt the primitive ideas of our grandfathers, which we have "profoundly vobularised and reduced to the most difficult formula." These ideas are three in number: One, ventilate by heat; two, by a pumping process; three, by no process at all, except by the pressure and movements of the atmosphere without let or hindrance. These the writer of the paper fully develops, by bringing in an account of all that has been effected through these processes by Arnott, Faraday, Watson, Duvour, Dobson, Reid, Goode, Steele, &c.

Another paper justifying our especial commendation of Dr. Richardson's journal is his own, on the Hygienic Treatment of Pulmonary Consumption, in which he develops several practical rules applicable in all stages of the disease, and calculated to smooth its course, and sometimes to prolong life. We so entirely agree with the learned physician in the observations he makes respecting the propriety or impropriety of confining consumptive patients in hospitals, that we cannot resist the temptation of quoting entirely his opinion on the subject, which we at the same time unhesitatingly adopt as our own.

Before leaving the subject of pure air as a remedy for the consumptive, I regret to be obliged to offer an opinion which is, I know, exceptional, and which is therefore given with the firmness of a conscientious conviction, but with the respect due to the opinions of the majority. I am about to speak of the confinement of consumptives in hospitals. That a vast deal of good is, or may be, done at these institutions by the treatment prescribed by the physicians who attend at them, and whose lives are devoted to the study of the disease, there cannot be a doubt. But that it is either physiological, or sound practical treat-

ment, to receive into these buildings consumptive patients, is an assumption I must most earnestly dispute. I know the excellent spirit in which institutions of this kind are founded. I am fully aware of the care that is bestowed on the inmates; of the attempts that are made, to introduce every hygienic improvement; of the order and cleanliness that prevail; of the kindness of the attendants; of the excellence of the diet roll; and of the skill of the physicians. With all this, it is to me as clear as crystal, that to bring phthisical patients into such institutions is a great charitable mistake. The very care, and waiting-servant attention, that is paid to such of the invalids as are in the first and second stages of the disease, is a cruel kindness. The remedy for them is to encourage and urge them to assist themselves, and to exert themselves. Moreover, no kind of hygienic system, carried on in a large building filled with inmates, can make the air of that building in any way equal to the outer air, which it is so necessary that the consumptive person should breathe. Twenty patients, lying in one hospital ward, will throw off per minute into the air of the ward at least three and a half cubic feet of expired and impure gases, rendered in the phthisical the more impure by the pathological condition of the lungs. But the impure air thus exhaled vitiate by its diffusion twenty times its own volume of pure air; so that, in fact, in a ward with twenty patients, there are not less than seventy cubic feet of air spoiled per minute, and rendered unfit for the purposes of life. It may be granted that during the day, when the wards are less full, and many windows are open, and the movements of the inmates are active, the expired air may be fairly disposed of. But take a winter night of twelve hours; consider that in this period of time the twenty patients would, if they exhaled even naturally, vitiate fifty thousand four hundred cubic feet of air, which ought to be removed, and to be replaced by two thousand five hundred and twenty cubic feet of pure air for the use of respiration; and then reflect whether it is probable that such a ward can remain during the whole night uncontaminated. For, granting to the twenty patients a breathing space of twenty-six thousand cubic feet, and even then it would require that the whole of the air in that space should be removed and replaced by fresh air fully twice in the one night.

FICTION:

THE NEW NOVELS.

The General's Daughter: a Novel. By CAPTAIN BROOK J. KNIGHT. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Oliver Cromwell: a Story of the Civil War. By CHARLES EDWARD STEWART. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

The first impression made upon the reader when he opens *The General's Daughter* is that it is very badly written. We do not expect a gallant Captain to wield his pen as easily and gracefully as his sword; but when, greatly daring, he is ambitious of the fame of an author, we do expect that he should exhibit some of the most common of an author's accomplishments and compose tolerable English, having a certain amount of sensible meaning. It is true that we read, or ought to read, for the ideas which the words convey, and not for the sake of the words themselves; but then we look for force if not grace, for sense if not for sound, and we forgive the manner often for the sake of the matter. Now the fault we find with Captain Brook Knight is that he loses himself in a labyrinth of words; he involves his sentences so that it is often difficult to determine what he designed to say. In his dialogues and monologues this failing is especially manifested. He seems to think that by putting into the mouths of silly people all the silliness that such people say in real life he is purely natural, forgetting that a novel is a work of art, and not a mere transcript of a segment of society, and that its object is to please. But can he suppose that such sentences as the following, however true in fact, are fit for fiction?

Again she listened and hoped; but very—very faintly.

"Oh! thank you—thank you—how kind you are—wish to marry you?—I should think I did, too—I scarcely dared to hope, I—I." He was so confused—so surprised at his own success—and so delighted that he could not go on.

Blanche sighed deeply. "Oh! Aunt Sarah!" she thought.

Presently Tom continued—"Oh! dear Mrs. Brownlow, I do love you so much—you are so beautiful! I never saw anybody so beautiful as you are, in all my life. We shall be so happy—so nice together—shan't we be happy?"

Then Blanche thus reveals the scene to her aunt:

"First of all," said Blanche, swallowing her tears, that would keep coming—"first of all I accepted Mr. Spencer, about two hours ago."

"Accepted Mr. Spencer! well I'm sure; I wish you joy, my darling!"

"Oh! stop, stop—please don't say that—joy! Oh! Aunt Sarah—dearest Aunt Sarah—listen to me—I never liked Mr. Spencer, you know."

"Never liked him, love! why you told me, only yesterday, that you did, I thought, better than you ever expected you should."

"Oh! I don't mean that; I don't know how to explain."

This is a favourable specimen of the fault we complain of, and it is the more unfortunate, as the story is really well-constructed, with a good deal of incident, and quite equal in interest to the mere circulating library novels of the season. But as it is only for the story that it will be read, we must not spoil that market for it by any revelation of the plot.

Who is Charles Edward Stewart, and why does he make Oliver Cromwell his theme? Doubtless the surname Stewart suggested the Christian names; and the three names together prompted the choice of subject. But, alas for the aspirations of genius! though alike in sound, the spelling differs. Stewart the author can claim no alliance with the royal race of Stuart, the Charles Edward notwithstanding. So Mr. C. E. Stewart must rest his fame on his own title to it.

Has he asserted such a title? Not yet, although he has given good proof of having something in him, and offered good promise for the future. *Oliver Cromwell* is a romance modelled after Scott—a pure historical romance; and we must do Mr. Stewart the justice to say that he has laboured diligently to get up his materials, and his *mise en scène* is perfect. Dresses and decorations have been carefully studied, and the dialogues put into the conventional form, and all done according to the regular rule of historical romance.

All young writers are imitators; so it is no reproach to Mr. Stewart that he has followed in the steps of the great masters. It is something, however, to say that his imitation is excellent. He has yet to earn a reputation as an original writer; but to do this he must choose another path—throw himself into some form of fiction not already exhausted, or present to us some new aspects of society or phases of individual character. We think he has the capacity to do so; and in the mean while we may recommend *Oliver Cromwell* as a careful study of the times described—an historical picture from which a more truthful conception of events might be obtained than even from a veritable history.

The Torchlight; or, Through the Wood. By HARRIET A. OLIVOTT. New York: Derby and Jackson. London: S. Low and Son.

ANOTHER picture of middle-class life in America. It is amusing, and it has the aspect of truth; but we should not have assigned the authorship to a lady, had not her name appeared upon the title-page; for there is an unfeminine vein of coarseness in it which would better have become our sex than hers.

Fairy Gold, for Young and Old. From the French of LAVINIE LAPOINTE. Edited by HENRY F. CHORLEY. London: Routledge.

FRENCH fairy tales have a character of their own; they are fanciful, not romantic; graceful, not grotesque like the German, nor humorous like the English. But they are amusing, and cultivate more refined tastes in children than our own coarse popular stories. The children of England will thank Mr. H. Chorley for having introduced them to the fairy tales of Madame Lapointe in an English dress, lavishly illustrated by English artists.

WE do not understand it. Two "Parlour Libraries" appear to be in the field—one in the old familiar green cover, another in a red one. Well, it matters nothing to the public, who will buy good books, in whichever of them they appear. Then right welcome to the novel-reading public will be the translation of A. Dumas's romance, *The Chevalier d'Harmant* (Hodgson), which is published as Vol. 144 of the "Parlour Library," and Mrs. Marsh's novel, *Aubrey* (Hodgson), in the old green cover, which is issued as Vol. 105 of the series. It is one of her very best fictions, second only to "Emilia Wyndham."

Messrs. Routledge have added to their cheap library Mrs. McIntosh's novel of *Violet; or, Found at Last*—an American novel, of course, and highly characteristic. America, which has lately sent us a heap of fictions, has now supplied another, entitled *Victoria; or, the World Overcome*. By Caroline Chesebro.

(New York: Derby and Co. London: S. Low and Son). Of this, as of all of them, we must say that there is a great deal more power than is found in the majority of English novels. The American books of fiction are often coarse, sometimes exaggerated, but they are never mere inanities. And *Victoria* is very readable—there is pith and substance in it, a plot and a purpose, and we have no doubt that its pictures of American manners are true.

Gerstaecker's ingenious and interesting romance, *The Haunted House*, has been translated and published by Routledge and Co., in one of their cheap volumes. It is a thoroughly German story.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Genesis: a Poem. By EDWARD HOWARD, M.D. With an Introduction by GEORGE GILFILLAN. London: Longman and Co.

THIS poem, so completely free from irregularity and spasm, can only be regarded as the exposition of a mind at once active, manly, and finely balanced. We shall gain nothing by comparing this work with those grand old epics, "few and far between," which have descended upon the world and awed it into praise. It would be absurd and mischievous to say that Mercury should not shine in the firmament because Jupiter is there with its larger dimensions and larger orbit; and no less absurd and mischievous is it to say that the world cannot bear a new epic or another splendour, because the fame of Homer, Dante, and Milton, is paramount. The *Genesis*, though not by many degrees the greatest epic, is still sufficiently talented to set a distinguishing mark on its author. It has the true epical construction—the manner, the form, and the result, which lies in an ability to elevate morals and to incite virtue. The poem owes its present title to the fact that "the Creation" only included the formation and arrangement of the material universe, whereas Mr. Howard's design was to set forth God's revelations in their ultimate spiritual issues. The design is, therefore, the grandest which could be conceived, and its artistic unfolding has been governed by a masculine and master hand. He is certain to find knowledge and delight who can summon enough courage to break the trammels of fragmentary thought and fragmentary reading, and turn with a steady and earnest purpose to the perusal of this poem. There are detached poetic beauties for those who love to sip of such casual flowers, and there is the higher order of sustained thought for those who, scorning not the ornaments of rhythm, find the deepest satisfaction in a work which has a regular succession of events—a beginning and an end. We may remark that the introduction by George Giffillan is marked by his usual fervour and ability.

Poems. By EDWARD CAPERN, Rural Postman of Bideford, Devon. Second Edition, with Additions. London: Bogue.

THE appearance of this edition strengthens two pleasing facts, namely, that the poet is not indebted for his inspiration to personal fortune, and that the public are never unwilling to encourage talent when it is combined with modesty. The first edition of Mr. Capern's poems were issued when the poet was receiving 10s. 6d. a week as a letter-carrier from Bideford to Buckland Brewer—not a very munificent sum for a daily walk of thirteen miles, Sunday included, and for the maintenance of a wife and two children. From our childhood we were inspired with a traditional faith in English generosity; but now, with the weight of manhood on our shoulders, we have stronger faith in English justice. We believe, therefore, that justice to the poet's genius, and not charitable motives merely, has secured the sale of 1000 copies of the first edition of those poems, and left a profit to Mr. Capern of 150l. We heartily wish an extensive sale for this second edition. It is late in the day to urge the claims of Mr. Capern. His honest, hearty verses, radiant with the light of a contented mind, melodious and fresh as the skylark's notes, under which many of the poems were mentally composed, have not appealed to human affections in vain. It is gratifying to know that Nature—not the Post-office authorities—has made this poor postman so rich, that he is wealthier than Goldsmith's village preacher who enjoyed forty pounds per annum.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Records of Longevity; with an Introductory Discourse on Vital Statistics. By THOMAS BAILEY. London: Darton and Co. Nottingham: Gibson.

IT was one of the aphorisms of Rochefoucauld, that "few people know how to be old." But is such a knowledge attainable? Can we, from our own experience or the researches of others, acquire such information as will enable us, with anything like moral certainty, to lay down a chart by which we can safely steer our course through all the perils which environ us in this mortal life, to the haven of calm, healthy, happy old age? There is no lack of teachers of the art. We have had books professing to tell us how to live a hundred years or more—writers on health and longevity—guides to old age, &c. (Jenkyns, old Parr, and Cornaro being generally the texts on which such authors preach); but, really, the substance of all the voluminous rules and suggestions which these works contain may be epitomised in the four maxims laid down by an eminent modern French savant, M. Reveillé Parise. For brevity and comprehensiveness they are unequalled. M. Parise's four rules are these:—Firstly, to know how to be old; secondly, to know one's self well; thirdly, to make a suitable adjustment of the daily life; and, lastly, to attack every malady at its commencement.

Now, with the very important proviso that the constitution be of fair average goodness, and free from any tendency to organic disease, it would certainly seem that man has it in his power, by the observance of such rules as those summed up in M. Parise's four maxims, to prolong his life considerably beyond its ordinary period of duration. We are hardly prepared, however, to go quite so far as Dr. Cumming, who, in one of his sermons, has expressed his belief that 130 years is the last limitation assigned to human life by the Divine decree, and that the "three score years and ten" of which the Psalmist speaks must not be understood as applicable to mankind generally. Still, there is no doubt that our mortal existence might be prolonged considerably beyond its present average period of duration, greatly as that has been extended during the last half-century. The more accurate knowledge which we now possess of the laws of life and the conditions under which health is given to us and maintained, has already produced most remarkable results—results which every succeeding year will render still more valuable and instructive.

If length of days be in itself a blessing—and this none can question, for it is held out to us as the promised reward for the observance of a Divine commandment—surely few inquiries can be more interesting than those which relate to health and longevity. It is true that, in the prosecution of such studies, we find still much to puzzle us. Instances, though comparatively rare ones, occur, where extreme old age has been attained, notwithstanding the neglect of all the usual sanitary conditions of life. Well-authenticated cases may be met with, as we shall show hereafter, where men have lived beyond a century, despite of want of exercise, noxious atmosphere, or intemperance. But these are exceptional instances. Much may yet remain to be ascertained by us; but modern physiological research has already thrown sufficient light upon the study of the laws and conditions of our earthly existence to afford something more than the faint glimmering under which a past generation thought and acted. If the question be put broadly, thus: Do we know now more than we did in former times how the principle of life may be sustained in its fleshly tabernacle to extreme old age, while the *mens sana in corpore sano* shall be preserved by the individual man with comparative vigour to the last?—we think the answer may certainly be given in the affirmative.

A careful prosecution of inquiries into the history of persons who have lived to count a century of years and upwards, would be one of the most interesting as well as one of the most valuable means by which light can be thrown upon this important subject; and such a book, well conceived and executed, would be a great addition to our literature. To a limited extent, and in a comparatively brief form, this has been done by the author before us, already, we believe, favourably known to the literary world from his previous productions, especially his "Annals of Nottinghamshire." His book may be considered as divided into two parts—the one an essay on

vital statistics generally; the other a compilation of remarkable individual cases of longevity. Of course, in the execution of such a design, Mr. Bailey was obliged necessarily to avail himself, as he frankly admits, somewhat largely of the labours of his predecessors in this wide and interesting field of inquiry. But at the same time he claims, and is fairly entitled to, the merit of originality for the publication now issued. By his own researches and observations, he states, he has been enabled to glean up about as many instances of long life from the incidental mention of such cases in books of travel, local histories, and the casual obituaries of newspapers, magazines, and annual registers, as have been collected by all those put together who have preceded him in such researches. Probably, as he remarks, many interesting cases may have, with all his diligence, escaped him; but, should such prove to be the fact, the *hiatus* may be supplied in a future edition of the work, or a new record of longevity may be given by some more fortunate compiler.

In our present notice we propose confining our observations to Mr. Bailey's Essay on Vital Statistics, reserving our remarks on the other portion of his book for a future opportunity.

How we cling to life despite all its cares, anxieties, and sorrows! How we cherish it, notwithstanding the thousand obstacles that meet us in the attainment of our dearest hopes and wishes! If we are happy and prosperous we live, and should desire to live, that we may enjoy happiness ourselves and communicate it to those around us. If sunk beneath the load of sorrow, poverty, and care, under which so many thousands groan, still hope tells us to live on—and we do live on, that brighter days may come and sunshine succeed the cloud. Life is given to us as a blessing, and as a blessing, with all its chances and changes, we cherish it. Madness, indeed, is it to cast away that gift which God has bestowed upon us as his highest boon. Though juries have not unfrequently been censured for returning verdicts of "temporary insanity" in cases of suicide, yet we believe that in the majority of instances they are right. It is not until despair has ended in madness, temporary or permanent, that we cast life's jewel away and rush unbidden before the Creator's presence. Life indeed, viewed in all its complicated relationships, is an awful responsibility committed to us. We may waste it in riotous excess; we may let it rust away in an idle disregard of all its best and most important duties; but the day of reckoning must come; and the truth still remains unshaken, that life is a gift of Heaven, for which we must give account, which it is our bounden duty to support and cherish while yet it is ours, and which none but the idiot or the madman can regard with indifference or contempt.

Now, though sobriety and general temperance in all our appetites do much in the prolongation of existence, yet activity of mind and body we believe do more, and a complete change from a life of compulsory physical or mental exertion to one of idleness and repose can very rarely be borne with impunity. It is difficult for those who lead listless and inactive lives to be of cheerful and contented dispositions; and it is the cheerful and contented who are, as Dr. Fothergill truly remarks, certainly far more likely to enjoy good health and long life than persons of fretful and irritable tempers, in whom the mind and body react upon each other to their mutual injury and almost certain ruin. Whatever tends to promote good humour and innocent hilarity must have a beneficial influence; and the physician to whom we have just alluded earnestly advises that all persons whose attention is much engaged in serious or abstruse subjects, or are much absorbed in the cares of business or the toils and struggles of public life, should endeavour by every means possible to preserve in their minds a relish for simple healthy amusements or cheerful recreations, both at home and abroad.

Now, were any good object to be obtained by the multiplication of authorities in confirmation of this position—viz., that temperance, activity of mind and body, and above all cheerfulness and a contented disposition, are the grand secrets for attaining health and longevity—we might parade the names of M'Kenzie, Lawrence, Come, Lessius, Hufeland, and a hundred other English as well as foreign writers on physiology. But they all express opinions to precisely the same effect, though in minor details, as to carrying out the rules they lay down, they may somewhat differ. Still the grand result is that the sober life is the

long life, and the sober life is the life of temperance, of order, and of content.

It is now universally acknowledged by all the insurance companies that the female sex on the average attain a much greater age than the male; and this becomes more remarkably evident as they advance in life. It will probably surprise many of our readers when they are told that, in most years, of those who have died after completing a century and more the excess of women over men is nearly 300 per cent. The returns of the Registrar-General in the year 1841 showed the deaths of males aged a hundred years and upwards, 29; of females, 81! A very probable reason for the undoubted superiority of women over men in point of longevity may be found in the fact that in the humbler classes their sober temperate habits, generally, as our author remarks, so much superior to those of men, enable them to weather all the chilling blasts of life, and arrive safely at the haven of extreme old age.

With respect to the very interesting question of the duration of life in all classes of animated nature, Buffon advocated the theory, that the length of existence is the multiple of the length of growth. The true sign by which the completion of the growth of an animal might be ascertained, he considered to lie in the reunion of the bones to their epiphyses. So long as this union does not take place the animal grows; but, as soon as it is completed, the animal ceases to grow. Now upon this basis a very eminent modern French physiologist—M. Flourens—raised rather a fanciful superstructure, which he gave to the world so lately as last year, in a work published by him in Paris, entitled "*La Durée de la Vie humaine*," and which attracted considerable attention in all parts of the Continent. Adopting Buffon's theory as the true one, he says—the dog grows two years, and lives on the average ten or twelve; the horse grows five years, and lives till twenty-five or thirty; all the larger animals live about five times longer than they grow; the entire frame of man, muscle and bone, does not reach its full completion till about his thirtieth year. A hundred years is the natural duration of human life in M. Flourens' judgment; and this term of one hundred years he divides into the following epochs: "The first ten years of life are infancy, properly so called; the second ten is the period of boyhood; from twenty to thirty is the first period of youth; from thirty to forty the second. The first period of manhood is from forty to fifty-five; the second from fifty-five to seventy. This period of manhood is the age of strength—the true manly period of human life. From seventy to eighty-five is the first period of old age, and at eighty-five the second period of old age begins."

Now, though M. Flourens' division of life may possibly excite a smile on the faces of some of our readers, we suspect there is more truth in it than would at first be imagined. Men in these days, when artificial existence and the thousand deleterious influences with which it is surrounded, cause such a continued "high pressure" on the vital machine to be sustained, are accustomed to almost incessant wear and tear of their physical or mental energies, and consequently consume life too fast. The oil of the lamp is too rapidly exhausted, and then the wick itself is burnt, for it has nothing left to feed on; and so the spark of life is extinguished. But, if we knew how properly to husband our resources, we believe with M. Flourens that manhood, in the full meaning of the word, might be prolonged to the period he assigns for it, until it merges into calm, happy, venerable age.

We have already alluded to the incalculable advantages of a tranquil, cheerful disposition to the man who desires health and length of days. Let us now say a few brief words with respect to exercise; and here no better authority can be quoted than the great Abernethy, who, in the following extract, has said all that can be written on the subject:—"The advantages of exercise in nervous disorders, upon which those of the digestive organs so greatly depend, appear to me very striking. Many persons who are extremely irritable and hypochondriacal, and are constantly obliged to take medicine while they lead an inactive life, no longer suffer from nervous irritation or require medicine when they use exercise that would be excessive in ordinary constitutions. The inference which I draw from cases of this description is, that nervous tranquillity is restored in consequence of the superfluous energy being exhausted by its proper channels—the muscles. When, on the contrary,

the nervous system is weak and irritable, exercise seems equally beneficial; but caution is here requisite as to the degree in which it should be taken. A weak and irritable patient may not be able to walk more than half a mile without nearly fainting with fatigue on the first day of the experiment; but, by persevering in the effort, he will be enabled to undergo considerable muscular exertion without weariness. The nervous irritability also, when dependent on weakness alone, will proportionably diminish with its cause. I am induced to make these observations from a belief that exercise is not employed as a medical agent to the extent that its efficacy seems to demand. *Attention to diet, air, exercise, and mental tranquillity are far more decidedly beneficial than medicines.*"

Another most important question discussed in Mr. Bailey's highly interesting work is: "What prevailing state of atmosphere is most favourable to health and longevity?" And on this he gives us very valuable information, the result of much statistical inquiry. A moderately moist atmosphere is on the whole the most conducive to long life, for there is always more uniformity of temperature, and the vital essence is less rapidly consumed.

An atmosphere, too, of this description keeps the muscular tissues of the system longer pliable; whereas an opposite effect is caused by that which is dry or arid—rigidity of the muscles and vessels of the body being rapidly produced, and withering of the skin, debility, and all the characteristics of old age quickly succeeding.

The driest atmosphere in England, Mr. Bailey tells us, is that possessed by his native country, Nottinghamshire, where the depth of rain which falls there is something like 50 per cent. less than that which falls in the county with which we have most acquaintance—Devonshire; and yet the former enjoys no superiority in point of longevity of its inhabitants over the former, there being very few instances on record of persons there having attained an age above 105 years, and the principal of these Mr. Bailey knew to be a man who, though passing most of his life in the town of Nottingham, was a native of a moist-air village, Basford, where he spent the last years of his life.

Again, Whittingham remarks, in regard to England, that moist seasons are the most healthy and more agreeable to the nature of man generally than dry ones. The effects of climate in general on the human race are very remarkable, and Mr. Bailey has collected from a variety of sources matter of no slight interest and value. We give the result in our author's own language:

In cold latitudes the molecules of the body are approximated to each other, as evinced in the stunted growth of the Icelanders, Laplanders, and Esquimaux; the blood is driven from the surface to the internal parts; the insensible perspiration is lessened, the action of the surface of the skin being superseded by increased exhalation from the pulmonary surface. The air in northern regions being denser and more charged with electricity, a larger quantity is introduced into the lungs, and more oxygen is supplied to the blood. From the augmented action of the lungs and air-passages under these circumstances, these parts become necessarily predisposed to disease, and hence the frequency of their inflammatory affections. The effects of warm climates—and, by a parity of reasoning, warm weather in its degree in any climate—on the animal economy, are necessarily of an opposite kind to those above mentioned; the body is more expanded, the blood is drawn to the surface (which is seconded by the diminished density of the air), and the cutaneous secretion is increased. . . . Consumption is more frequent in temperate than in either cold or warm latitudes; in proportion as we advance towards tropical regions does its frequency diminish. . . . On the whole, the mortality is much less in temperate than in either cold or hot climates; and England is, perhaps, the country where the annual mortality is the least in proportion to the population.

The weather is a topic for an Englishman when all else fails. It fills up the dreary ten minutes or so that precede the dinner-party. It gives us something to say when we meet a man whom we know but little, and care for less. It is at hand on all occasions, and proves a happy resource for us when we have nothing else to talk about twenty times a day. But, though we grumble at the weather for its coldness, abuse it for its heat, and anathematise it for its incessant change and fickleness, yet all these constant variations of temperature and moisture have their good effects. Sir Humphrey Davy said: "Of all the climates of Europe, England seems to me the most fitted for activity of mind and the least suited to repose; the alternations of a climate so

various and rapid constantly awaken new sensations; and the changes in the sky, from the blue ethereal to cloudiness and fogs, seem to keep the nervous system in a constant state of healthy excitement. The English nation is pre-eminently active, and the natives of no other country follow their object with so much force, fire, and constancy."

Mr. Bailey closes his essay with a very comprehensive examination into the relations of local climate in England to the health of the inhabitants. In this inquiry he avails himself of many sources of information, but more particularly of Mr. Finlaison's admirable reports of sickness and mortality as connected with friendly societies. The whole of this portion is filled with most valuable statistical results, but of too elaborate a nature to permit us to give any quotations from them in the present notice. The conclusion, though, is not a little remarkable; for Mr. Finlaison says that, on the whole question, it is clear that there is no law of sickness so very distinctly pronounced as to justify any discrimination on the ground of sojourning in city, town, or country; or the amount of pecuniary rates to be paid by friendly societies on account of such difference of residence.

And now we take our leave of the first part of Mr. Bailey's very interesting book. We shall return to the subject in another notice, and illustrate the various topics on which we have of necessity briefly and imperfectly touched in the foregoing pages by references to the most remarkable instances of longevity contained in the biographical records which Mr. Bailey has compiled with such care and diligence.

The final cause of death in extreme old age is the inability of the system to supply itself with the proper elements of nutrition. The tree perishes because the oldest parts of its frame, which are in the centre, become so hard and compact that the capillary action of the sap is disturbed, and consequently decay ensues, and the fibres, in process of time, are reduced to dust. So too is it, as our author justly remarks, with old men. The smaller blood-vessels become choked up and by degrees harden, and the nervous fluid ceases to be secreted in sufficient quantity by the brain to keep up the energy of the body or the activity of the mind. We may strive to retard the time as much as possible; but the day will come, if we live long enough to see it, when, in the words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Henry V., "A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon—or rather the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly." Of all the potent spells by which we may postpone to the utmost limit the

Last stage of all

Which ends this strange eventful history,

none has such power, none such efficacy, as this same "good heart;" for it is indeed the sun that to the last lends light and warmth to the closing scene of our earthly pilgrimage.

Black's Atlas of North America: a Series of Twenty Maps. By JOHN BARTHOLOMEW. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

This useful collection of maps contains the whole of North America, divided in a manner most convenient for reference. The first of the series gives North America entire; then follows British America in one Map; then Canada in two divisions; then the states in fourteen maps; then central America, Mexico, and the West Indies in one map; and, finally, a chart showing the communication between Europe, North America, and the Pacific. The series is prefaced by a copious introductory description, containing the fullest statistical information, and there is a very full index.

The Table-Talk of Martin Luther. Translated and Edited by WM. HAZLITT, Esq. A New Edition.

To which is added a Life of Martin Luther, by ALEXANDER CHALMERS. London: Bohn. The contents of this book were gathered from the mouth of Luther by his friends and disciples. They consist of notes of his discourses, of his opinions, in the freedom of private friendship, in his walks, during the performance of his clerical duties, and at table. "The reporters," says the preface, "were brimfull of zeal: whatever 'the man of God' uttered was forthwith entered on their tablets. They were with him at his uprising and his downlying; they looked over his shoulder as he read or wrote his letters (not very polite, by-the-by): did he utter an exclamation of pain or of pleasure, of joy or of sorrow, down it went; did he aspire a thought above breath, it

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was caught by the intent ear of one or other of the loiterers and committed to paper." As for the table-talk so collected, the greater portion of it appears to us not worth preserving for its own intrinsic value, apart from the fame of the talker. Some have originality of thought, and all are marked by a certain power of expression characteristic of the man. It is a curious book, well worth reading.

The Works of Thomas Carlyle. Vol. I.: *The French Revolution: a History.* London: Chapman and Hall.

A WELCOME announcement was that of a new edition of the works of Thomas Carlyle, to be issued in monthly volumes, at a price which may bring them within the reach of persons of moderate means. Hitherto some have been out of print, and not procurable but at double their original cost; and others have been published at a price that limited their circulation to the wealthy. Now that all are to be issued in a form generally accessible, they will be added to hundreds of libraries to which they have been strangers. The series appropriately opens with Carlyle's greatest work, the *History of the French Revolution*, a prose epic, and one of the grandest that has been written. If there is any reader who has not read it, we exhort him to procure it without delay, and we are sure he will confess it to be one of the highest intellectual treats he has ever enjoyed. They who have read it once will need no exhortation to possess themselves of it: they will eagerly do so. But to strangers we must say, do not be deterred by the apparent strangeness of the language at first: read on, and you will soon learn it and like it.

The Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland, for 1857. By ROBERT P. DOD, Esq. London: Whittaker and Co.

MR. DOD's admirable compilation has now stood the test of seventeen years' experience, and comes out all the stronger from the trial. As a handy little volume, and one thoroughly sufficient for its purpose, there is no better book than Dod's *Peerage* to grace the editorial or official table; whilst its elegant appearance, all resplendent as it is with pink and gold, makes it not out of place on a drawing-room table or in the boudoir of the most fastidious beauty.

Whaling and Fishing: the Sequel to a Boy's Voyages on Board a Man-of-War and in the Merchant Service. London: Addey and Co.

THE most exciting adventure is said to be that of whaling. The only objection we have to this delightful volume is that it is too exciting. It will infect our boys with a desire for the sea stronger even than that which nature seems to have implanted in our English youth. It is said that we are born sailors. It is a truth, proved by the multitude of books, fiction and fact, dealing of nautical life, and which are always

among the most popular of publications, especially of the books written for youth. This volume describes the whole process of whale-hunting, and some of the most stirring scenes are illustrated with capital engravings.

The Second Part of Sir Bernard Burke's Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Landed Gentry (Hurst and Blackett) includes the letters G. to I. It is very complete in its information, giving first an account of the present head of the family, his marriage and offspring, then his lineage, and arms and crest. It will, of course, be placed among books of reference in all libraries.

Gotthold's Emblems; or, Invisible Things understood by Things that are made. By Christian Scriver, Minister of Magdeburg. Translated from the Twenty-eighth German edition by the Rev. Robert Menzies. (Edinburgh: Clark).—Scriver was a famous preacher who flourished at Magdeburg in the middle of the seventeenth century, dying in the year 1693. His writings were much valued during his life. They fell into obscurity for some years after his death, but have regained more than their former fame of late years, passing through numerous editions, and forming a part of the devotional library of every household. The Emblems are slight incidents in the author's life on which he has strung pious reflections—most of them, we must confess, very common-place, and scarcely worth the trouble of translation.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Blackwood opens the year attractively with the first of a promised series of tales, illustrative of Clerical Life, and this one is so truthful in its portraiture, that it is manifestly drawn from the life—down even to the humblest of the cottagers among whom the hero is destined to pass a laborious existence. There is just that slight dash of humour which gives piquancy to the sketches. The *Athelings* is continued; there is a third fiction, of inferior merit; and another paper on the Sea Anemone, from the pen which has already so pleasantly treated this subject.

The *Eclectic* has again commenced a new series; but we see nothing to distinguish it from its predecessors. The same pens are visible, and the topics are treated after the same fashion.

The *Dublin* reviews the University Essays, describes the Kingdom of Oude, and relieves graver topics with a "Story for the New Year," and two continued novels.

Putnam's Monthly, from America, describes Göttingen as it was in 1834; gives some recollections of James G. Percival the poet; and reviews at great length the recent travels to Lake Ngami. *Putnam* excels in its poetry.

The *New Quarterly Review* is a quarterly on the plan of a weekly, giving short notices of books, like the *Critic*, and not essays, like the other quarterlies. It is neatly written; but we should have thought that all the information it gives would be supplied and more conveniently by either of the literary journals.

Bentley begins another tale by Dudley Costello, entitled "The Millionaire of Mincing-lane." There is a gossip paper of "Anecdotes of the Parisian Theatres." "The Second Congress" introduces sketches of the plenipotentiaries who took part in it; and Mr. Grinstead's gallery of theatrical portraits opens with a full length of Farren.

The *London University Magazine* is creditable to its producers, and deserves a circulation among those who are connected with that institution. It can scarcely claim a reputation among the general public.

The *Art Journal* opens its new volume with an exquisite engraving of Van Eycken's fine picture of "Charity" in the royal collection, and another of Canaletti's, "St. Mark's," from the same gallery and of equal merit. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall commence a series of papers entitled "The Book of the Thames," profusely illustrated with woodcuts of the highest class. Mr. C. Dresser publishes the first paper on "Botany as applied to Science and Art." The British artist whose works are selected for illustration is Frost, four of whose pictures are engraved.

The second part of *Routledge's Shakspeare*, edited by H. Staunton, contains "Love's Labour Lost," with many clever illustrations. The notes are really explanatory, and not disquisitional.

The *Westminster Review* has not its wonted power. Its best paper is on Dr. Young, whose weaknesses it exposes unmercifully. The Rights and Wrongs of Women have become a stock theme, and it is handled ingeniously, but very partially. The state of the law, apropos of the question of consolidation and codification, is treated of, but the public will not listen to discourses on law. Let the press strive as it may to enlist the popular voice, after all, law reform must be done by the lawyers.

The *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* opens with a remarkable paper on "The Tribal Government of the Ruder Nations," by Louis K. Daa, of Christiana. The structure and habits of the slow-worm, and the animalcules that give a red colour to the sea, are the other popular topics treated of, among many of purely scientific interest. The proceedings of the learned societies are reported at great length.

The *Ladies' Companion* for January adds to a picture of the fashions a sporting picture, in its wonted strange juxtaposition. The literary matter is light and tasteful, as befits the class to which it is addressed.

The *Scottish Review* is a quarterly temperance advocate, but purely literary; and some of the papers, as that on American poets, are very able.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

TRAVELLERS are of different orders and classes. There are the fast and the slow, the flippant and the prosy, the grave and the gay, the dull and intelligent, and many others. Some ride a sort of steeple-chase and carry the reader over the ground so rapidly that he reaches the end of the journey, having seen little and retained little in his memory. Others crawl along and count every pebble on the roadside, and tire by giving the height of every sign-post, and the statistics of every corn and potato-field they may chance to pass. They reckon the number of houses in a street, and the number of windows in each house. Others, again, provoke one by their common-places and by repeating what has been told a hundred times before. Some go forth with the design of returning to abuse everything and everybody—they find neither good nor goodness anywhere; they find only bad inns, bad dinners, bad landlords, dirty landladies, vile people, vile laws, vile roads, lean cattle, and tame scenery. To believe such people, they have passed over some hundreds of leagues where all along they have been fleeced, mulcted, robbed, and variously victimised. They have looked upon the great pyramid, but "there is nothing in it." They have ascended Vesuvius, but, "there is nothing in it." They have descended the Rhine, but still "there is nothing in it." There are travellers again of an opposite order, jolly companions, who chat and gossip, and have a kind word to say of everything and everybody. They tell you of what they have seen so pleasantly, that you long to see the places they

have seen, and to converse with the people they have conversed with. They are instructive without being pedantic; and it is astonishing how much history you learn, how much geology, geography, and other sciences you are pleasantly made acquainted with, in reading their volumes. Without enumerating other classes of travellers, we proceed to introduce to the reader a traveller of the class last mentioned. Max Radiguet was secretary to Admiral Dupetit-Thouars, and sailed with him in the frigate *La Reine-Blanche*, in the voyage accomplished by the Admiral in 1841 to 1845, visiting the coast of Chili, Peru, and the Brazils; and the result is a little work, *Souvenirs de l'Amérique espagnole* ("Recollections of Spanish America"), in which we find that the Secretary saw much and observed much. His observations are not confined to primitive rock, and the fauna and flora of South America, however; he introduces us to men and manners, and especially to Peruvian society, to the ladies of Lima, to the theatre, to the *fête*, to the ballroom, the bull-fight, the cock-fight, and all the popular amusements of Peru. It is a book full of pleasing and profitable reading, in short, from which we take an extract to illustrate the author's manner. He describes the interior of a Peruvian omnibus:

Every one was smoking at the moment we entered the carriage. Blinded, choked, giddy all at once, we hastened to let down the window behind us. This precaution taken, the cloud escaped, and we were enabled to see our fellow-travellers. Some of them fixed our attention above all. First, two Peruvian officers—the eldest, sombre, ghostly, austere as a Zurbaran monk, disappeared to his moustache in his mantle: the other gay, curled, handsome, and fair as

Van Dyck, wore a rose casquet, galooned with gold; a white poncho, with long fringes, protected his sky-blue frock from the dust, the sleeves of which we could perceive were embroidered; a yellow pantaloons and grey boots completed his costume. A third personage was clad entirely in black, a scarlet cross covered his breast, two similar crosses adorned his mantle to the shoulders, his broad-brimmed hat covered not only his own knees but those of his two neighbours. He was a *hermano de la buena muerte*—a religious brotherhood, whose principal attribution consists in burying the dead. From the moment of departure he chatted without ceasing to his neighbours, accumulating smoke the while, in I know not what mysterious cavity of his mouth, which he blew through his nostrils in interminable jets. His fingers did not yield in activity to his tongue; it was a pleasure to see with what practical dexterity he rolled up cigarettes to present them to his female neighbour, to whom he made himself the complaisant purveyor. She, a young *cholita*, had likewise her head uncovered, and her Guayaquil straw-hat, radiant with cherry-coloured ribbon, contended in size and contrasted with the sombre felt of the reverend brother. . . . Her China crape diapered like a garden, her gay rose-colour petticoat, the gold of her ear-rings, the constant rustle of her ribbons and flowers,—all this, crowned by the orange oval of a young head adorned with black tresses and a bandeau of sapphires, charmed the sight and rejoiced the heart in spite of the incessant chatter of the monk, which was quite fatiguing to the ear.

In another passage, which we venture to quote, the writer describes the Plaza-Mayor of Lima on a fête-day.

In the middle of the square rises a bronze fountain, surmounted by a Fame, at whose feet issues a sort of liquid fan, which breaks in falling upon platforms

of unequal size, and descends to fill a large basin. The cathedral, a graceful monument of the Renaissance, is enriched by two towers, enriched, like the rest of the façade, with pilasters, niches, statues, and balconies. The whole edifice is plastered with colours, where rose, green, yellow and blue predominate. The national palace is also covered with a coating of yellow ochre, dirty-looking enough. The pillars of the portals are covered with a coating of brick red; as to the storey above, vigorously shaded with hot and violet tones, it is occupied for the most part with wooden balconies, painted bottle-green and reddish brown. Let one, however, imagine this *tohu-bohu* of false and glaring colours exposed to a brilliant light, let him cast into this streaked framework a dazzling crowd, and he will have but a feeble idea of the Plaza-Mayor on a day of festival and sunshine. The animation takes a more violent character on coming from mass; after the cathedral begins to pour forth from all its gates waves of people a thousand clamours arise. . . . Thus seen on the surface, surrounded by accessory prestiges, this people would appear the most fortunate in the world. The men, cigar and cigarette in mouth, delight in the calm voluptuousness of the smoker. There was among all the women who prattled and were busied there such youth, such grace and elegance, such fire in their eyes, such charm in their accents, such surprising lightness in all their motions—they appeared to live with such a contempt of their things positive, with a so complete ignorance of the miseries of this world—that it emanated from them like a ray of happiness, with which we felt ourselves penetrated.

M. Radiguet's duties confined him to the coast, and, consequently, he had no opportunity of penetrating into the interior. He has no personal adventures; but here is a book of travels which has excitement enough in the form of adventure—*Die Republik der Costa Rica, &c.* ("The Republic of Costa Rica in Central America," sketches of travel in 1853 and 1854), by Dr. Moritz Wagner and Dr. Carl Scherzer. Dr. Wagner has been long known in his own country as an intrepid and learned traveller. His works on the Caucasus and Turkey must be known to many, as well as his more recent exploration of Kurdistan and Persia. With his friend, Dr. Scherzer, he embarked in 1852, with the view of exploring in common the whole extent of the immense continent of America. The years 1852 and 1853 were devoted specially to North America, and three volumes containing their travels appeared in Leipzig last year and had great success. Meanwhile the adventurous travellers pursued their peregrinations across the solitudes and virgin forests of Central America, examining the geological constitution of the virgin soil and its divers productions, visiting successively the different states formed by the dismemberment of the Spanish empire, and studying everywhere manners as well as the country. At Grey-Town—a place, by the way, not much to their fancy—they purchased a canoe for sixty dollars, which in three days would take them up the Sarapiquí to the Muelle. They embarked on the Rio San Juan, a beautiful river, strewn with islands of luxuriant vegetation, and of the width of eight hundred yards up to its junction with the Sarapiquí. On the evening of the first day the two doctors and the crew landed on the sandy shore, and made their arrangements for the night. The Germans were not at all easy, however; they had the vague terrors of alligators, panthers, and savages, which assail every European on his first bivouac in a tropical forest. Dr. Wagner, the narrator of the expedition, says:

Fifteen days later, when we had appreciated the tranquillity which one enjoys in the state of Porto Rico, and the inoffensive character of the natives, we accustomed ourselves to sleep tranquilly in bivouac in the midst of people who were entirely unknown to us; and we laughed heartily at the comical figure we cut, when, armed to the teeth, we mounted guard on the Rio San Juan.

The travellers give an interesting account of the hardships they had to suffer in traversing the forests and wandering among the Cordilleras. One day they reached a lone hut dignified by the name of inn, kept by a poor, sick old man, who contrived to exist by selling bad beans to travellers and maize to the muleteers for their beasts, for there is no pasturage round about.

The invalid asked us to give him some remedy against a chronic cough which he could not get rid of. He had the air of a brave man; he gave us the little he had without asking for money, and related to us various episodes of his miserable and solitary forest life, which was only occasionally broken by the sudden appearance of a jaguar, a lucky shot at the benoas, the armadillos, or wild poultry, or the arrival of a traveller under his roof. He possessed a kind of old musket, which snapped a dozen times

before it would go off. Now, as he could scarcely hope that the jaguars will have the civility to await quietly the good pleasure of the old musket, the life of the poor solitary appears to be in perpetual danger. Happily for him, these eaters of flesh have a certain respect for men, and they are never short of prey in his neighbourhood. It is this that has probably saved him to the present time. The good old man told me that, some weeks before our arrival, an enormous jaguar paid him a visit. No sooner had the animal examined the interior of the poor cabin, and perceived the aged proprietor, with his chronic catarrh, than he found there was nothing worth his appetite. In consequence he retired, with a majestic step—not, however, without giving the terrified old man a terrible growl by way of adieu. "But why," we asked him, did you not shoot the intruder?" "I tried," he answered, "but the hammer of my gun clicked six times and the piece did not go off."

Dr. Wagner's judgments on Costa Rica do not rest upon a simple sojourn in the capital; the German traveller has explored the whole territory of the republic, and reports favourably of its climate, resources, and political condition. His book will entertain the general reader, and will be of great interest to the scientific man and the merchant.

Another traveller, Hermile Reynald, takes us for a thousandth time into modern Greece. He reminds us of the loud enthusiasm which prevailed some thirty years ago in favour of this country, when Byron sang, and Lamartine, Lebrun, and many others, and stirred up the feelings of their respective countrymen, to the extent of making them open their purses widely to aid in its liberation. It is the opinion of many that the Greeks are unworthy of the liberty purchased for them—an opinion which he faintly combats. He admits, however, the proverbial avidity of the Greeks. "It seems," he says, "that the love of riches excuses every cheat, encourages the most audacious frauds, stifles every honourable sentiment." Perhaps it was always so. Ulysses, we are told, is the veritable type of the Greek character, and that, without doubt, this is the reason why he never has been popular. His greatest desire is to enter Ithaca to find Telemachus and Penelope; and his reply to Alcinoüs, when the King of the Pheacians asked him if he preferred to depart immediately or to wait for the rich presents which should be offered to him, is, "You should order me to remain here an entire year to await the rich presents if I prefer not to depart, for it is more useful to return to one's country with full hands and great riches." The writer praises, however, the hospitality of the modern Greeks. The Greek peasant yields up his entire house to the stranger who knocks at his door. If he sometimes places his civilities at a high price, it is because he is poor, and because he does not think he asks too large a sum from us. Chateaubriand and Lamartine have given to travellers the reputation of millionnaires, and sometimes appearances seem to justify this fatal prejudice. M. Reynald says:

I arrived one day at the bottom of Arcadia, at Lykuria, a village where for four years no European had not been seen. "Of what country are you?" said the woman of the house into which I had entered; "are you Turk or Roumeliot?" "I am French." "Ah! French, but are you a Frenchman of Turkey or of Roumelie?" "No, I am a Frenchman of France." "France?" said the Papas to her, "is a large country on the coast of Africa." I know not whether this information was of a nature to satisfy my hostess; but she passed on to another order of questions. "Your father is a general?" "No." "A merchant then?" "No." "What then?" The Greeks of the interior know, in fact, but these two professions. She stopped an instant and then said, "What do you here?" "To see a wall built by your ancestors?" "I have never seen this wall; it does not exist." "It is two leagues from this," said the schoolmaster, who was listening to us; "I saw it about two years ago." "How is it you know this, you who have never been in the country?" resumed the woman. "I have seen it indicated on a piece of paper," replied I, showing her a map. The poor woman was stupefied; she could not comprehend how I knew her country better than she did herself. "And it is for this wall you have come here?" The Greeks always suspect us as coming in search of buried treasures. "Yes," said I, "to see this wall." "And how many leagues have you come from your home here?" "Six to seven hundred." "You are very rich then?" The means in fact to prove to a poor peasant that one goes six hundred leagues from his own country, to see an ancient wall, with four or five horses, without being somewhat of a fool or three times a millionaire. Next day, when this woman demanded of me a talari (4s. 6d.), for having made me pass an execrable night among vermin, she thought this sum to herself a treasure, but to me a mere bagatelle.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of the Greeks in some respects, it is greatly to their praise that they feel deeply interested in the instruction of the young. In this little country, which has not a million of inhabitants, there are at least 80,000 pupils in the public schools. Last year the University of Athens received a legacy of 5000 francs annually. The city of Trieste has sent it 200,000 francs. The smallest village has its schoolmaster, and children of six make a daily journey of two leagues to attend their classes. Athens has two gymnasiums or colleges, which receive pupils of all conditions and of any age:

A curious and touching spectacle is one of these halls. The son of some rich Athenian seats himself here upon the same bench with his servant, a man who has trudged on foot from a distant province, begging his bread by the way, and who resigns himself to serve a master, almost for nothing, on the sole condition of being enabled to enter the University. It is true that the sentiment of equality is too strong in Greece to admit of this sacrifice being as humiliating as it would be in France. Domesticity does not degrade. A Greek remains always the equal of a Greek, in spite of the difference of conditions.

Scarcely had M. Ponsard taken his place in the French Academy when a new void was made in its ranks and in the political fraction of the learned company. M. the Count de Salvandy, late Minister of Instruction under the Government of July, died on the 15th December last at his estate of Graveron, in Normandy. He entered the Academy in 1835, after M. Scribe and before Guizot, and succeeded M. de Parceval-Grandmaison, a poet of estimation at the time of the Restoration. M. de Salvandy commenced his literary and political career by pamphlets and newspaper articles. Politicians say that he was wrong in quitting literature, and literary men pretend that he would have done well had he been always a politician. The literary works of M. de Salvandy are not those which make the glory of an epoch; but his character is one of those which do honour to one. He wrote painfully, retouched and recast incessantly what he had written, and often the pages which issued from the press reproduced not a single line of what he had written. He and Balzac were the despair of printers. Besides the laborious improvisations of his early *début*, must be cited among the works of Salvandy *La Révolution de 1830*, *Alonso*, a romance not readable at the present day, a *Histoire de Jean Sobieski*, reprinted recently, perhaps his best work. It is not known with certainty who is to succeed to the vacant *fauteuil*—perhaps Troplong, the illustrious President of the Court of Cassation and of the Senate.

Foreign Books recently published.

(Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the laler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.)

FRENCH.

Bremmer, Frederika.—Hertha, histoire d'une âme. (From the Swedish.) Paris. 16mo. 3s. 6d.
Didier, Charles.—Séjour chez le grand Chérif de la Mekke. Paris. 16mo. 2s.
Hervy Saint-Denis, Baron de.—Histoire de la révolution dans les Deux-Siciles depuis 1793. Paris. 8vo. 6s.
Ibn-Khaldoun.—Histoire des Berbères et des dynasties musulmanes de l'Afrique septentrionale. Traduit de l'arabe par le baron de Slane. Vol. IV. Paris. 8vo.
Rigault, H.—Histoire de la querelle des anciens et des modernes. Paris. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Thébaud de la Monnerie.—Voyages faits dans l'intérieur de l'Oyapock en 1819, 1822, 1836, 1842 à 1847. Nantes. 8vo.

GERMAN.

Abel.—Kaiser. &c. (The Emperor Otho IV. and King Frederick II. 1208—1212). Berlin. 8vo.
Dahn.—Gedichte (Poems). Leipzig. 16mo.
Anitschkoff.—Der Fildzug. &c. (The Crimean Campaign. Part I. The Battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann; with 3 plans. Translated from the Russian by Baumgarten.) Berlin. 1857. 8vo.
Mühlbach.—Kaiser, &c. (The Emperor Joseph II. and his Court.) 4 vols. Berlin. 8vo.
Prisac.—Geschichte, &c. (History of the German empire and the German people, from the remotest times to the present day.) Salzburg. 8vo.
Sandreczki.—Reis nach, &c. (A Journey from Mosul and across Kurdistan.) Stuttgart. 8vo.
Schaeck.—Stimmer, &c. (Voices of the Ganges, a collection of Indian traditions.) Berlin. 16mo.

AMERICAN.

Autobiography of a Female Slave. New York. 8vo. 6s.
Hunt, Freeman.—Worth and Wealth: maxims, morals, &c., for merchants and men of business. Boston. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Upham, C. W.—Life, explorations and public services of J. C. Fremont. New York. 8vo. 5s.
Yoakum, H.—History of Texas from 1685 to 1846. New York. 8vo. 28s.

FRANCE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Jan. 12.

Balzac—Literary Gossip—New-year's-day fair in Paris—Murder of the Archbishop—Apprehension for another Life—Uneasiness in France—Sale of La Presse—Application to purchase the Times—Alexandre Dumas at Law—M. Emile de Girardin—Iron Houses—The Figaro—The Cheap Press—Art in France—Theatres—A New Version of "Don Giovanni."

Two books have been recently published which are likely to excite some curiosity in England. The subject of both is Balzac. In one, M. Léon Gozlan shows this powerful writer *en pantoufles*—in the other a Madame de Sarville, his sister, publishes a selection from his correspondence, written mostly at a time when he was not only not famous, but had not the slightest idea of ever becoming so. From these two *libelli* I glean a few facts which are not, I believe, generally known. Thus Balzac commenced writing at a very early age. While yet at school he wrote a treatise "On Volition," which was burnt by one of the masters. But the most curious instance of how little at the outset of his career he knew the bent of his own mind is gathered from the fact that he fancied himself a poet. I have before me some of his early compositions, written while employed as a clerk in the office of an attorney, M. Guyomet de Merville—who, by a strange coincidence, has also had among his clerks another of the literary celebrities, M. Scribe—and they satisfactorily prove that he did wisely in abandoning the attempt to scale the heights of Parnassus. As Boileau has it, it must have been apparent even to himself that

Pour lui Phœbus est sourd, et Pégase est retif.

He then seems to have tried his hand at theatricals; but both Melpomene and Thalia befriended him as little as Polyhymnia had done before. An experiment at historical biography seems to have met with no better success. He was gradually arriving at his level. In his papers two manuscript novels, which had been found, and also several sketches, which had they been carried out, would have made a curious volume. The first is a novel in two MSS. volumes, *Sténie, ou les erreurs philosophiques*. It is dated 1820. The second bears the title of *Falthurne, manuscrit de l'abbé Savonati, traduit par M. Matricante, instituteur primaire*. The notes, addenda, &c., which follow the manuscript, cannot allow any doubt to subsist as to both Savonati and Matricante being identical with Balzac himself. A fly-leaf contains a sketch on an interesting subject. *Les niais*—a near approach to our snobs. Had Balzac carried out this satire, it would have been curious to compare his treatment of the subject with Thackeray's. In the sheet before us, Balzac says:—

Un niais is a man not destitute of parts and a certain distinction of manner. He may be familiar with the ways of the world, and appear even a smart fellow (*un homme d'esprit*). It is only after a long series of observations that you detect him. That class of society is assuredly the most respected, and which mostly keeps the world in order through the terror of its disapprobation. We all work with the one idea of finding favour in its eyes.

It is curious to observe, from the collection of his books and papers, that, even long after having arrived at years of discretion, Balzac used to scribble and scrawl over the covers of his books and papers, as a schoolboy in the first or second form at Eton—houses, drawings of men and animals, his own name written over and over again in a thousand different ways. It is quite clear that his mind had not acquired that stability which for a man of business would have been indispensable, and which would have certainly made him more prosperous as a man of letters.

In 1827 Balzac became partner in the printing-office of Barbier. The partnership deed was drawn up for twelve years; but as many months after he had made more debts than he ever could pay. The partnership was dissolved in 1838, and Balzac began his struggle with life once more, as an *homme de lettres*. He led an eccentric and uncomfortable life, and the proceeds from his works are exceeded by those of many a literary hack in England.

The *Gazette de Champfleury* gives a rather amusing anecdote of Mirès, the great capitalist, who, as you are aware, is proprietor of the *Pays* and *Constitutionnel*. The origin of M. Mirès' fortune is a mystery, which the Bourse only can solve; all that the world knows is that its growth has been as rapid as that of a fungus—*ellea poussé comme un champignon*. But to return to our muton. One day in the offices of the *Pays* he had an altercation with a subaltern, who strenuously resisted Mirès' efforts to turn him out. Mirès then sent to the nearest guard-house for a *posse*, and four men and a corporal arrived in due course. But in the mean while the bird had flown. M. Mirès expressed his regret to have uselessly disturbed these brave fellows, and, to reward them, said to his secretary: "Donnez à ces hommes cinq numéros du *Pays*."

Mme. Sand has commenced in the *Presse* the publication of a Roman feuilleton called *Daniela*. Only three numbers have appeared, which as yet offer nothing of extraordinary interest.

A short time ago M. About, in the *Figaro*, gave an anecdote of a series of rather fantastic new-year's

gifts sent by M. de Rothschild to various notabilities. Upon this M. Eugene de Mircour, who has just established a small weekly paper, insinuates that those who bring M. de Rothschild so prominently forward expect a present of a bundle of shares at par. This was evidently directed against M. About, who had previously written in defence of his assailant, who administers the following sharp raps on M. de Mircour's biographical knuckles:—

I know not what are shares at par; but I henceforth know the value of M. de Mircour's good feelings. I know no more of him than he knows of me. I somewhat rashly undertake his defence, under the impression that public opinion is somewhat harsh towards him. The next day he wantonly charges me with a platitude. My dear Sir, I said that you were not a malignant-minded man—you insinuate that it is very likely I am a begging impostor. All men are liable to make mistakes.

The Paris year has begun gloomily; the continued dearthness of the necessities of life telling with visible severity on the labouring classes in the inclemency of midwinter. The usual number of booths for the sale of toys and other articles at new year's tide, fill the Boulevards; but they are all less gaily furnished than usual, and poverty is apparent in the contents of these little shops, as in the faces of the poor *marchands* who keep them, which, I am sorry to say, bear evident marks of privation and suffering. It is, indeed, almost painful to witness the eagerness with which these poor people endeavour to sell their little wares, when a customer offers; but hundreds of them seem to be wholly neglected by the public, who still crowd the Boulevards to see the show, but not to buy. The same pressure which pinches the poor booth-keeper has fallen upon his former customer; and to those who have in former years witnessed and enjoyed the animating scenes exhibited at this annual new-year's fair, the falling off is sad in the extreme.

The great shops do better; and, as some of these establishments carry on an immense trade in ornaments, jewellery, cabinet furniture of the rarest workmanship, &c., their doors are besieged with equipages and their ware-rooms crowded with purchasers; for, in the midst of the prevailing distresses of the poor, luxury never was carried to a greater excess, and, perhaps, never so ostentatiously displayed as in Paris at this inauspicious moment. This ill-judged exhibition of prosperity in the face of the wide-spread indigence of the humbler classes does not proceed from the ancient aristocracy nor the wealthy landed proprietors, who are altogether above these *parvenu* follies—and who, to do them justice, while they stand aloof from the Court and public affairs, dispense their charities with a noble liberality in their respective districts, which lies, of course, in the Faubourg St. Germain. The displays of extravagant wealth I allude to are chiefly on the part of lucky speculators on the *Bourse*, bankers suddenly enriched, and the numerous tribe of adventurers whom Paris has, with surprise, seen within the last very few years spring up into miraculous fortunes. These *Messieurs*, with their mistresses—some of them evidently in a fair way of verifying the old proverb, "Got over the devil's back," &c.—it is, who particularly scandalise the public with their vulgar extravagance. The sad fact, however, still remains, that the masses of the poorer population of Paris are in a state of dire distress, and without any perceptible prospect of speedy relief.

The death of the Archbishop of Paris, by the knife of an assassin, has made a profound impression—dependent of the feeling naturally produced by the horrible character of the crime itself; for the complete success of the murderous attempt, showing how utterly worthless are all the precautionary measures of the police when an assassin has determined on his crime, makes society doubly anxious about another life, which is pursued by hatred a thousand times more fierce than that which consigned the poor Archbishop to his tomb. All France seems to feel that there is but the frail barrier of a single life between a wild and terrible struggle, of which no man can see the end, and the present system. Of the "system" in question, no man in the country approves—not even the members of the Government, who batten on it, nor the vile parasites who praise it; but society nevertheless clings to it almost with fondness, as forming a defence, while it lasts, against the frightful crisis which they fear would infallibly follow its sudden overthrow. This is not a pleasant state of things to live under, and it is not improved by the fact that there is no sign of a movement on the part of the Government towards ameliorating the stupidly undisguised despotism under which we live. A tight political rein may possibly be necessary in France; but there surely can be no necessity for parading before the public the mean, peddling interference of ministerial authority with every act of human life. In the *restaurants*, theatres, shops, streets, hackney-coaches—in fine, wherever you move in Paris, some pettifogging edict of a minister or the police stares you in the face. All this tends to make the Emperor unpopular, for the world in France have long since agreed that his *soidisant* ministers are simply his Majesty's clerks; and among them he is certainly losing that character for strength of mind and good sense which the public gave him credit for, for a considerable time after his bold seizure of imperial power. They were in hopes

that his dashing absolutism would bring them at least something grand and imposing; instead of which they find themselves dwarfed down to becoming the subjects of M. Fould and the other nobodies whose names even are not known to one tithe of the Parisians. A terrible fall this from what was expected of the reign of Napoleon III. I must except the Foreign Minister, M. Walewski, from the group. He is an able and, I believe, most honourable man.

The upshot of all this is that a general feeling of doubt and dissatisfaction prevails, to which the excessive dearthness of every article of subsistence before alluded to, and particularly lodgings, adds a good deal. All is laid to the door of the Government, and logically enough: as it interferes in all things, people naturally ascribe to these meddling busybodies the suffering and inconvenience arising from everything that goes wrong.

M. Emile Girardin, having ceded his journal, *La Presse*, to M. Millaud for some 35,000*l.* sterling, and finding himself, after the leisure of a very few weeks (one month of which was the honeymoon of his marriage with Mlle. Sheppard, one of the handsomest young women in Paris) entirely *dépayé* for want of something to do, has, it is said, bought a Belgian journal. He is a very fluent writer; but, with an air of logical argument, and a certain disputatious pungency of style, perhaps no man ever wrote so much of what was unreadable. *Après* to M. Millaud, it is stated, among other ridiculous stories of this capitalist, that, previous to his purchase of *La Presse*, he made propositions to buy the *London Times*! As usually the case in French fabrications of this nature, it is the "lie circumstantial": the reply of the directors of the *Times* being reported in full, to the effect that he must anchor two or three vessels freighted with gold in the Thames, and then they might talk to him on the subject. We must charitably hope this stupid trash is intended for a joke—and what a joke! In fact, our newspapers, which used to emit a flash of something like wit from time to time, are becoming unspeakably dull.

One of the most fortunate of the Paris inventions of the day, *i. e.* for the inventor, though destined to a very brief reign, was the iron hoops to replace the crinoline in ladies' petticoats, by which the proprietor in a few weeks cleared the sum of 250,000 francs (ten thousand pounds).

You will have seen that Alexander Dumas brought an action against his publisher M. Michel Levi for infringing his rights of authorship—in other words, for publishing editions of certain of his works not contemplated in the treaty between them. Dumas laid his damages at upwards of 30,000*l.*, or 800,000 francs. The jury gave him rather more than 200,000 francs, or 8000*l.*—a good deal of money for editions of books that had long since lost their novelty.

The *Paris Figaro*—a journal which bears some resemblance to the *London Age* and the *Satirist* of former days—states, under the safe generality of an *on dit*, that Mme. E. Girardin, the newly-wedded lady of the late proprietor of *La Presse*, intends rigidly to exclude "gentlemen of the press" from her saloon, and condole with the *gens* in question on the change from the time of the former wife of M. Girardin. There is not a syllable of truth in this; but it would certainly be no disadvantage if the list underwent a revision. Our friend *Figaro* seems, by the way, to have grown bolder in petty scandals since the Government relieved him some months since from the many sentences of imprisonment to which he had been condemned. It is to be hoped the authorities do not intend to compensate the public for the miserable thraldom in which the political press is held, by giving a licence for ignoble private scandals in papers of an inferior kind. Cheap rubbish of this description is starting up about us every day; but generally their attacks are confined to theatrical artists, upon whom they levy black mail to an exorbitant extent.

On the subject of cheap weekly publications, consisting of original novels and also of republications of standard works, much might be said. We have many of them—*L'Omnibus*, *Journal de Dimanche*, *Pour Tous*, *Le Voleur*, with hosts of others, and new ones springing up every day. Of their literary merits I cannot say anything. The few I have glanced over have been fairly written and free from the immorality of more costly works; but the illustrations, both for drawing and cutting, are really wonderful for the price, and give a high idea of the state of art in Paris. The cost of these is *one sou* or *two sous* a number, some containing two and others four woodcuts; the execution of which, as I have said, is excellent—so good as to create an uneasy feeling for the position of the poor artists who produce work so obviously superior to the price they must receive. The French, generally speaking, draw well, and the cutting of some of these illustrations to half-penny numbers would, in the time of old Bewick, have thrown the world of art with us in England into high admiration. I have said the French draw well; but I should mention that one of the very best draftsmen here, employed by the principal wood-engravers, is an Englishman named Freeman, who is highly considered among French artists, and quite merits his reputation.

A notable event connected with the drama must be recorded here; the inauguration of a private

theatre in the *ateliers* of a distinguished artist in Rue Notre Dame-des-Champs, M. Gérôme. The programme, which was printed on the letters of invitation, commenced with a significant hint to the invitees, "Theatre Notre Dame—*mais pas des Lorettes!*" The entertainments consisted of an introductory piece in one act, in verse, called "1886," in which all the impossibilities, which are promised by electricity, steam, clairvoyance, magnetism, and charlatanism of all sorts in the next thirty years, are shown in full operation. There are no longer secrets in the world; for six sous you buy a pair of spectacles with which you can read the thoughts, see into the "heart of hearts" of every man, aye, and woman, that passes you in the streets; and for ten, you have a mirror in which you see any persons you wish, and *how they are engaged* at the moment, &c., at whatever distance they may be. The inestimable value of these glasses in *married life*, are strenuously insisted upon, and furnish many happy hits at the present state of conjugal bliss in Paris. Pungent, biting, but withal good-humoured, this little affair went off most admirably. The rival schools of painting, the weak points of various artists, and other topics which were received with Homeric shouts by the crowd of painters present, were not so well understood by the general company. The feature of the night, however, was a drama of the new school, entitled *Amour et Athisme, ou la Journée d'un Grand Seigneur*. Here we have for the hero our old friend Don Giovanni treated with a freedom and licence quite unprecedented. The mixture of modern life and habits with the burlesqued adventures of the unfortunate hero, commented upon in the style of old Aristophanes, and supported by dialogue sparkling with wit and humour, kept the company in roars for a couple of hours. Instead of the awful termination of the original romance, the sensible scamp Giovanni makes the statue sit down and sup with him, and plies his unearthy guest so continually with the bottle that his visitor—after, on the *in vino veritas* principle, letting out a vast deal of scandal about the regions below, in which several living personages, and men and things in general, were typified in a style the reverse of flattering—volunteers a song descriptive of society and the arts in *Madrid* (for *Madrid* of course read *Paris*) brim-full of satirical humour, and at length, quite done up, rolls hopelessly drunk under the table. The Don, looking at his watch, finds he is just in time to hasten to a promised rendezvous, and makes his exit, leaving his spectre guest snoring beneath the table. The great moral personage of the piece now enters, and, contemplating the unfortunate devil asleep, gravely begs the audience to take a lesson and avoid such pernicious habits, and to betake themselves quietly to their homes. This sketch, which has a wonderful dash of our own Swift in it, was laughed at and applauded to the echo, but would never answer for a public theatre for many reasons—one being that the Censorship would never permit it in France. It is, in fact, too good for the multitude.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

Rome, 1856.

History of Venice. By P. FEVERELLI.

FUTURE historians of Italy will have an immense mass of material at their command regarding the events of 1848-9—from the daily paper, pamphlet, and pasquinade, to the memoirs of contemporaries and compilations of documents. Rome and Naples furnish little more than files of journalism and disquisitions, in a few pages, put forth from opposite parties, with the important addition, indeed, of *Pasquino's* undaunted sallies in the former city. But Tuscany, Milan, and, above all, Piedmont, supply every description of material—official and personal records, the speculative and positive, the liberal and illiberal. Works from the constitutional point of sympathy, such as Farini's and Gualterio's, are sold without reserve at Florence; not quite so freely in the Lombard cities; but in Genoa and Turin every stall in the streets teems with publications on the exhaustless themes, of every size, and almost of every save the darker colouring. Great will be the advantages, and comprehensive ought to be the performance, of future history in treating of the nineteenth century, thanks to these unprecedented developments of literature and the press! What would Macaulay or Hallam have done with such wealth of material, had it been at hand, for the Middle Ages or the epochs of James and William?

The revolution of those marvellous years at Venice was one of the most entitled to respect and sympathy among all Italian movements, and least stained by crime or discredited by folly. It may, therefore, be with pleasure that the English public will receive, should it be introduced to their general acquaintance, the work by the Marquis Peverelli, "*History of Venice, from 1798 down to the Present Time*" (*Storia di Venezia dal 1798, &c.*), published at Turin, where, I believe, the accomplished writer is living in exile from the Lombardic states. It is more sober and reflective in tone than many other Italian writings that relate to the same period; and while earnest sym-

pathy for Venice in her struggles after liberty is apparent, there is neither theatrical declamation nor self-deceiving enthusiasm in this work. The author has set himself to his task industriously and conscientiously, postponing the aim of writing finely to that of writing usefully, with careful compilation and clear statement, facts simply presented, figures scrupulously noted. That pictorial and poetic aspect, those glories of association investing the unique majesty of the Adriatic queen, so available for effects or descriptive episodes, are little profited by in these two volumes; but the deficiency is well compensated for by a character of thoughtful gravity and rational calmness. In the preface, taking a general view of Venetian story, he argues against the common opinion that the splendours and power of that Republic were attributable for origin to the crusades, which were equally profitable to other maritime states, and, in fact, other states equally profited by them; but it was the enterprising and ardent spirit of the Venetians that seized the occasion which opened, but did not create for them, the career of glory. As to the last epoch of this history, the deductions to be drawn from it may, I believe, be fairly extended to the length of the author's reasoning:

The late events of Venice are memorable under an aspect altogether special—that, namely, of military science. The long and obstinate defence against a powerful enemy, furnished with all the means of attack and destruction that modern science supplies, is proof not only of valour and perseverance in the defenders, but also of their talent and military knowledge. Those qualities are the more to be esteemed, not because rare in the Italian people, but because for a long time had been seen no example of their employment in combat for a cause exclusively national. Those forces were overcome, but they are not extinguished; they will prove for the future an example and stimulant. The story of late years has convinced the stranger that henceforth his arrival and presence in Italy must cost blood and treasure, and that at such price only will it be possible for him to preserve a precarious and contested dominion.

The first volume is dedicated to the events of the Napoleonic domination in Italy, the fall of the Republic, and final loss of the independence of Venice under France and Austria; to an exposure of the defects and abuses in the government of the latter power, with ample material added to the weight of testimony against Austria in Italy. From "mighty wrongs to petty perjuries," that accusation we may consider now irrefragably established, at least in regard to the period preceding the late struggles. If the Government of the young Emperor has really done anything to atone for the past to Italy, it remains to be proved and acknowledged by his Italian subjects. Merely as an observer of externals, such as come within the cognisance of the passing traveller, I must own that my impressions in journeying through his states have been of prosperity and developed resources far greater than in Central or Southern Italy. I believe the peasant and rural proprietor are happier and more cultivated in Lombardy than under Papal or Neapolitan rule. But to return to the much more important testimony of the work before me. In the second volume interest continually increases, after announcement of an event whose momentary consequences none could have foreseen.

Since 1839, scientific congresses, regarded indignantly by some governments, but frankly encouraged by others, had taken place annually in Italy—the first at Pisa, with liberal support from the government of Tuscany. In the earlier of these Italian congresses political allusions were sedulously avoided; but naturally, as the author observes—

The very fact of such assemblies served to reinforce patriotic sentiments, and draw closer the bonds of nationality and brotherhood between the most illustrious persons from all parts of Italy. No demonstration of this was made in words, but minds understood each other. The masses of population began now palpably to perceive a thing they had supposed, but which never yet had been rendered evident to them—that, namely, the inhabitants of Sicily, Naples, Romagna, Tuscany, Lombardy, Piedmont, in short of all regions throughout the Peninsula, were Italians, owning community of origin, language, habits, hopes and fears, glories and sorrows.

It was in the autumn of 1847 that Venice was the scene of what none then foresaw would be the last (unfortunately) of those beneficial assemblages for promoting intellectual interests.

An unexpected event, and of the greatest importance, contributed in 1846 to give a political colouring much more decided to the scientific congresses. In that year had died Pope Gregory XVI., leaving a name execrated for the bad government of his States and the political persecutions directed in that name against the worst citizens among their inhabitants. The Cardinals having united in conclave for the choice of his successor, Europe was surprised by the intelligence that in less than three days the election had been accomplished and fallen upon Cardinal Mastai, who had assumed the tiara under the name of Pius IX. The motive for this celerity was the necessity of abbreviating an interregnum which would have rendered the Pontifical Government absolutely impotent, reduced, as it already was to the knowledge of all the world, to the extreme stage of feebleness. Pius IX., in assuming power, assumed to himself morally the obligation of re-creating the machinery of the State, no longer in condition to progress. The system practised under Gregory XVI. had ruined it: nothing more natural and logical than to change the method by embracing a system, if not totally opposed, at least considerably different.

The *Viva Pio Nono* being soon raised into a symbol and watchword, an under-current of deep but checked agitation, murmurings portentous and fraught with

prophecy, began to startle the authorities of Austrian Italy. Then followed a series of petty irritations and worse than useless persecutions, soon to be translated into acts of more overt and atrocious violence. Edicts were passed against fashions in dress; and one was actually drawn up to prescribe the precise form of buckles to hatbands, admissible in remoteness from all dangerous symbolism; but this the authority itself, struck by the absurdity of its expedient, withdrew before promulgating. A student at Padua was, by illegal compulsion, enrolled in the military service for the offence of singing the hymn in honour of Pius among a circle of friends at his private lodging! Presently appear conspicuous two characters which will probably be accepted by posterity as representatives of the Venetian movement—Manin and Tommaseo. The utterly unjustifiable arrest of both these gentlemen, in January '48, reflected disgrace on the police of Venice, and naturally served to surround them with a political halo to confirm popular passions and hasten catastrophes. With pleasure one finds how the test of historic investigation may be sustained without tarnish to the lustre of a great name in the case of the latter, Tommaseo, whose writings breathe such high morality, such Christian philosophy and benignant feeling, that a loss to his reputation would be a loss to Italy. Manin can scarcely be said to come equally intact out of the ordeal.

Except in Manin, the project of a Republic found no adherents. He was a man of generous ideas, of great sense, of much political intelligence; but these admirable qualities were covered by a veil of ambition which inspired him, even in trivial things, to lengths degenerating into vanity. To such a character there was fascination in the idea of a Republic in which he himself should occupy the first post; and he thus became illuded as to the sentiments of the majority of his fellow-citizens, who, though they loved the glories and memories of the ancient Venetian States, had not the republican ideas current in modern times, and preferred constitutional government.

On occasions, indeed, the conduct of Manin was promptly energetic, judicious, and equal to the demands of great emergency, as in the violent agitation that overthrew the brief authority vested in the three commissioners of Charles Albert, sent to take possession of government at Venice after the fusion with Piedmont had been, after much opposition, decided, when the President met to overcome the popular movement, and accepting the popular choice went beyond it, assuming to himself the irresponsible government for forty-eight hours, till the general assembly could be convened.

Almost like a phantom did Austrian rule disappear from Venice, when, in March '48, the Commandant, Count Palffy, resigned the civil and military government into the hands of the provisional authorities—Manin as President and Minister of Foreign Affairs, Tommaseo as Minister of Instruction and Worship. It was a mistake to draw ridicule (however unfair) on that junta by raising a *tailor* to this ministry in the department of arts and trade; and many other, of fatal result, were the mistakes of that brief authority, the spirit and aims of whose directing members were unquestionably noble, and generally pure. The Austrians had left in the treasury about seven million *lire*; three millions were now added by disbursing the loan recalled from the Milan and Venice Railway Company; but, by ill-timed generosity, resources were weakened through the abolition of taxes, of the lottery, and stamp duty on journals. In a visionary notion that the day was approaching when standing armies might be dispensed with, about 2000 Italian soldiers, who had quitted foreign for national service, were disbanded. For the defence of the city were required three million *lire* monthly, whilst the income did not exceed 200,000; and voluntary loans, offerings, emission of bank notes, were the only means for supplying such deficiency. The Municipal Council voted, without one dissentient voice, the issue of twelve millions in notes guaranteed by itself, for Government. Through the generous sympathy manifest, more or less, in every Italian province, considerable subventions flowed into the Venetian treasury before the final struggle came. The offerings from her citizens alone supplied Venice with 63,000 *lire* during the year 1848, and 52,000 had been contributed from other Italian sources. In one month of 1849 Tuscany alone advanced 72,747. The Italian colonists domiciled in Peru contributed, for the general cause of their country's independence, 9382, made over exclusively to Venice by desire of Charles Albert, whose Government supplied her with 120,000 francs, and voted 600,000 more, never advanced, owing to the rapid succession of events disastrous to the cause.

The total force within the city at the opening of the blockade was 13,000, not including the Civic Guard, from seven to eight thousand, who were employed for the internal security. The marine numbered 4000, with fifteen ships, in all 138 guns; the artillery possessed 550 pieces of different calibre. A battalion of students, though gallant, of tried courage, and fair-seeming, proved so unruly that the authorities were obliged reluctantly to disband them.

On the 7th March 1849, full powers were bestowed on Manin, but with responsibility to the Assembly. Such was the internal state of Venice when the conflict commenced, whose results, fatal to her independence, are well known. The cry *Viva la guerra*

was then fervent and universal, the only answer to overtures of accommodation. England and France, after certainly raising hopes, destined to cruel disappointment, gave the Adriatic city clearly to understand that from them *nothing* was to be expected. The eloquent appeals to these Governments, addressed to their Ministers of Foreign Affairs, from Venice, cannot be read without a pang of sympathy—I might say shame, for the abandonment of so heroic, pure, and patriotic a cause of sufferers left to struggle, like the last Constantine, against odds so fearful. Lord Palmerston's reply, here given, cites the treaty of Vienna, and nothing more, for the reasons of refusal—as if treaties and promises could supersede eternal laws or inalienable rights! After the last catastrophe to Piedmont, the defeat of Novara, General Haynau, who had already, by the suppression in blood and flames of the resistance at Brescia, raised for himself "that monument of infamy he proceeded to complete in Hungary" (Peverelli's words), intimidated from Padua a prompt and unconditioned surrender, dated 26th March 1849. His letter was not deliberated on till the 2nd April, when the Venetian Assembly unanimously, without discussion, passed the decree: "Venice will resist at all costs—with this object, unlimited powers are vested in Manin." A burst of popular enthusiasm ratified the decision; and a medal was struck with the decree on one side, and on the reverse a figure of Venice defending the banner of independence. The first struggle was in the attack on the principal fort, called Marghera, defended till valour and sacrifices could avail no more; and soon the enemy was constrained to acknowledge the gallant spirit of the Venetians in this stage of action. The *Gazette of Vienna*, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and the "Memoirs of an Austrian General," have handed down to posterity the praises extorted from foes. Through the Minister of Commerce, De Bruck, the Emperor then entered into treaties, and favourable terms were offered, with certain guarantees of constitutional independence, freedom of the press, right of association, inviolability of domicile and person, a representative system, with a senate of 86, a parliament or diet of 72 members. It was objected that these guarantees were to be suspended (as, indeed, stipulated) in time of war or revolt; that the employs under Government were not reserved exclusively for Italians; that neither the fleet nor army was to be exclusively Italian. The rejection, for these considerations, decided upon by the Provisional Government, will excite various feelings of opposite

judgments. Profound distrust for Austria may be excused in a people who had suffered so much in the object of casting off her yoke; but can we as easily justify those on whom the destinies of this illustrious city for the emergency depended, whose word availed to condemn her citizens to the horrors of a siege, protracted through months of intensest heat, with bombardment, scarcity of provisions, fever, and cholera. All this was it determined that Venice should suffer rather than accept concessions short of demands, or credit the loyalty of Austria for her ameliorated government in the future. It was not the only instance that the Italian revolutionary party, even when intentions were worthy and conduct upright, lost all by demanding too much. Nevertheless, those who suffer for principle must be respected; and there is no appearance that the Venetian people would have refused the sacrifice accepted by their leaders. Peverelli's narrative of the siege is interesting and fully detailed. From the end of May till the latter days of August did this devoted city continue to sustain her martyrdom with undaunted enthusiasm. Distress from want of provisions continually increased during these months; but over-crowding of quarters, after the bombardment had constrained the desertion of regions exposed, brought their natural results, together with those of inferior or insufficient food, in disease. Cholera, first breaking out at intervals, so increased that at the beginning of August 400 was the average number of daily deaths. The prices of food, from the end of May, were doubled, and the quantity for consumption by each family, according to numbers, was regulated by decree, none being allowed to lay in stores for domestic provision. Bread was made with two thirds of rye to one of wheat, mixed with bran, and was daily distributed at designated places, often with heart-rending spectacles among the famished crowd, women fainting, and some crushed to death in the throngs. Wine and beer becoming exhausted, unwholesome water, with a few drops of brandy, was the best drink procurable for refreshment in that sultry season. When the supply of beef was consumed for some time horse-flesh was generally eaten instead. One means of destruction tried by the enemy, but unsuccessfully, was of recent invention by an Austrian officer—*balloon-bombs*, the projectile being fastened to the balloon, and thus launched into air, with provision for its detaching itself and descending at a given distance. Hundreds of these expensive apparatuses had been sent from Vienna; but out of twenty directed against the city from a frigate, not one reached, and

several fell back upon the besiegers, to the satisfaction and derision of the besieged, spectators of this attempt. The bombardment, which roused the inhabitants of one quarter, at the dead of night (28th July) spread the greatest terror and confusion, necessitating a general migration, and many poor families had to spend nights in the open air on the quays or under porticoes. Injury to life there was little—only seven killed and about thirty wounded by projectiles; and the loss of property was serious only in one public edifice—a church—the pictures and sculptures destroyed in which were valued at 400,000 lire. The order and legality maintained within this unfortunate city throughout this period was wonderful: excitements, suspicions, and agitated assemblages on the piazza there indeed were, but none resulting in bloodshed or approaching to the character of insurrection. And most remarkable it is that the sole instance of illegal violence was directed, not against those by whose authority was prolonged, but those suspected of desiring by capitulation to terminate, the public afflictions: the palace of the Cardinal Patriarch was broken into and its furniture destroyed, because report designated him as the friend of Austria and counsellor of submission. That prelate saved his life, which was fiercely threatened, only by concealment; and order was restored by the Civic Guard, backed by the influence of several deputies, especially that of Tommaso, whose words and actions were worthy his character on this occasion. With exception of the murder of Marinowich, governor of the arsenal, no deed of deliberate atrocity disgraced this revolution from beginning to end; and that crime, long before the siege, was the effect of infuriate impulse among the workmen employed under their hated victim, without the least suspicion of direction from higher quarters, or, indeed, any subserviency to political ends.

By cruel and surely unjust interpretation of the laws of war, the bombardment was continued four days after the surrender, for so did General Gorkowsky please to order, under the pretext that he had not power to treat with the commissioners sent to his head quarters for capitulation. Thus, on the 22nd August 1849, was sealed, for the time, the fate of Venice, after a struggle surely entitling her to the sympathy and respect of ages to come, and which may be considered a pledge of her deserts for a happier future. Hope she may ever cherish in reliance on Him before whom

A noble end is as a noble deed;
In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

Is a communication from Captain Spratt to the Geological Society, "On some Freshwater Deposits in Eubœa and Salonika"—a series of lacustrine limestones and marls, containing lignite, and overlaid by unfossiliferous loams and gravels, which occur in the valleys and on the hill sides in Southern Eubœa, Bœotia, Samos, and near Smyrna, and in other parts of the Grecian Archipelago—the opinion is advanced that these lacustrine deposits indicate the existence of a great expanse of fresh water over the Levantine area during some tertiary period, probably from the eocene to the pleiocene epoch. This opinion would seem to be confirmed by the discovery of the occurrence of similar deposits in the northern part of Eubœa, on the Locrian coast, and around the Bay of Salonika.—In an analysis of six samples of water from the lake of Van, and the small lake of Ardchek, situated to the east of the former, and not far southwest of Ararat, on the Turco-Persian frontier, four of these specimens belonged to a very limited class of waters, such as are found in Hungary and Egypt, and which are more or less rich in carbonate of soda. A water from an acidulated saline spring, two miles south of Bitlis, contained but traces of the ordinary saline matter, and a large portion of lime and magnesia. Hence it was inferred that probably this water came off a bed of dolomite, and subsequently passing through beds of gypsum, thereby suffered a change in its constituents by a recombination among the acids and bases.

In confirmation of Sir C. Lyell's theory of the ice-carriage of boulders, a notice has been sent by Mr. Wolley of a boulder ten feet in length, seven feet broad, and six feet deep, at Borgholm, which had been carried by ice from an island about half a mile distant, under the influence of a storm from the north, which by locally raising the level of the water, caused the ground ice to float with its entangled boulders, and convey them to a distance.—A memorandum from the Foreign Office states the occurrence of copper veins in grauwacke, and of ores of lead and silver, with magnetic and specular iron ore, in the hilly districts near the river Chaw-Phya, in Siam.

Mr. Miller at the Statistical Society suggested, with reference to fire insurance statistics, that, as their correctness could not be entirely trusted, it would be advisable, besides the register of insurances and losses and the abstract of premiums and losses, that registers of equated insurances and losses should be kept, in which, if the sum in each case is set down at 100%, the premium then will be the rate per cent. By means of these three books, the following statistics would be obtained for each class of risk:—A, the total sum insured; B, the total premium received; C, the total sums insured on the risks where the loss has occurred; D, the total loss paid—all on the supposition that 100% is insured. This would lead to greater accuracy, and would also be more simple.

Capt. Burton and Lieut. Speke have left Bombay for Zanzibar, to commence a series of explorations into the interior, for which a period of two years have been assigned. The object is to make for the great Lake Nyassi and the sources of the Nile. Large sheets of fresh water are supposed to exist under the equator, and as far south as the twentieth parallel, and from some of these an opinion prevails that the Nile derives his supplies. It is probable that Capt. Burton and his party, which is to be reinforced by Dr. Steinhauser from Aden, may meet the great exploring party initiated by the Viceroy of Egypt under Count d'Escayrac de l'Auture. The great problem is now in a fair way of being solved. At all events, whatever may be the actual information obtained, the results, when known, cannot fail of being of the greatest interest.

A communication from Admiral Elliott to the Royal Geographical Society points out the importance of the River Orinoco as a means of intercourse with the interior of South America, and the advantages to be derived from the extension of traffic with that fertile country, especially from its vicinity to Trinidad, which may be made the emporium of the produce of a large portion of the South American Continent.—Lieut. Chimmo reported his unsuccessful search for the North Australian Expedition, under Mr. Gregory, although he had frequently fallen upon the tracks of the party. The last notice found was forty miles up the River Victoria, which stated that Mr. Gregory had gone to the Albert River.

Lieut. Chimmo had explored the banks of the river, with the view of ascertaining their applicability for a penal settlement. The account is unpromising, although made at a favourable season of the year. The vegetation is that of a tropical wilderness; the soil is arid, and the heat very great, the thermometer standing at 136° in the sun. The country seemed, therefore, unfitted for Europeans, and the aborigines were decidedly hostile. A valuable series of observations had been made with the ozonometer.—With reference to the proposed communication between Canada and Vancouver's Island through the British possession, Mr. Bannister conceived it would be more practicable than any other, although there had been five routes proposed through the United States, of which the one through Texas was considered the most feasible. This view was opposed, on the supposition that the Rocky Mountains would present an impassable barrier for any northern route. The country is, however, about to be explored.

The further report of Lieut. Maury on the Atlantic Submarine Plateau contains some very interesting information. Twelve storm-charts have been prepared, one for each month. And on these the parts are marked where gales occur at least once in every six days; also where they average once in from six to ten days, and where they take place from every ten to fourteen days. The gales are most prevalent in January and the winter months, and least so in July and the summer months. These charts are based on information derived from several years of observation; they show some of the influences which the Gulf Stream has upon the gales of the North Atlantic. These investigations have also proved that there is no difficulty in crossing the Gulf Stream with the magnetic telegraph, and that Cuba may be brought within its range, as well as the Havana, Vera Cruz, and Brazil. The Polar current, with its icebergs, which so much endanger navigation, under-runs the Gulf Stream; but the specimens of the deep-sea soundings, however minute, show, by "their sharp angles and untriturated forms," that there are no abrading forces at the bottom, and that the telegraphic wire, once laid, would be out of the reach of currents or other disturbing causes; and even on the Grand Banks there is no danger to be anticipated, except from the grounding of icebergs—a remote contingency. Before

this year runs its course, there is now every probability that the European and American continents will be brought within magnetic contact.

Professor Faraday has brought his course of lectures to a conclusion at the Royal Institution. The subjects embraced were the attractions of gravitation, of cohesion, of chemical affinity, of electricity, and of magnetism—the last lecture showing the relation of these several attractions to each other. One of the points of interest was the attendance of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on each occasion.—Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, in lectures “On Extinct Animals” delivered at the Crystal Palace, showed the various forms of the animal kingdom according to the order in which they were placed, from the lower beds to the later deposits found in the tertiary and post-tertiary formations.—Several strata of fossils have been discovered at Pingewick, Bucks. On examination they were pronounced to be marine vegetables fungi and algae, which had either grown there or been washed from the Chiltern chalk range. They appear to be unlike any known fossils yet depicted or described.—Fossil remains of a monster animal, supposed to be the mastodon, have been discovered near Quebec, Canada, consisting of a tooth 7 or 8 inches long, and 4 or 5 in width; also two large tusks, 8½ feet from end to end, but curling also back towards each other; thigh-bones, jaw-bones, and ribs; and teeth weighing 6lbs. and more each.—Dr. Snow has made some very interesting researches on the anæsthetic power of amelyne—a substance now ascertained to possess properties similar to those of chloroform. It is a highly volatile fluid. Experiments have been made on animals and in the London hospitals with very satisfactory results. It does not produce nausea, and has none of the inconvenient properties of chloroform; and, although it may not supersede, it will be in some cases preferable to it.

QUERIES AND NOTES.

AMBROSIAN AND GREGORIAN MODES.—Will any one be kind enough to explain what is meant by Authentic and Plagal with reference to these modes? I am aware that the Ambrosian are called the Authentic, and the Gregorian the Plagal; but what musical relation do they bear to each other?

GUGLIELMUS.

JOHN KENYON THE POET.—You will much oblige me by informing me of a few particulars respecting John Kenyon the poet, whose death has been recently recorded; what works he has published, &c.

L. * *.

Answers.

LADY LEIGH.—Perhaps the Lady Leigh referred to is the same as may be seen in marble, kneeling by the side of her recumbent husband, in Westminster Abbey. Sedley has an epitaph upon this couple, beginning “Here Sir Harry Leigh is lying,” the whole of which will not bear quotation. CHILDERS.

OLD SONG.—**LADY LEIGH.**—As a child I have often danced with my little companions to the words of “My Lady Leigh,” which we sang to a monotonous tune, moving in a circle, with joined hands. I sub-join some doggerel verses, which we always added; but I never heard of any meaning being attached to the stanzas, nor have I ever heard them, excepting in my native village, which was in East Kent. ORIEL.

London Bridge is broken down,
Dance over my Lady Leigh;
London Bridge is broken down
With a gay ladye.
Build it up with gravel and sand,
Dance over my Lady Leigh;
Build it up with gravel and sand,
And a gay ladye.
Build it up with needles and pins,
Dance over, &c.
Build it up with iron and stone,
Dance over, &c.
Build it up with silver and gold,
Dance over, &c.

LADY LEIGH.—In the “Notes and Queries” in THE CRITIC for 1st January, a correspondent, G. W. D. P., asks for the remaining stanzas of an old song, “London Bridge is broken down,” and inquires if the origin of the song be known. I inclose you the whole song, just as I heard it frequently sung in Warwickshire, very many years ago, when I was a child. The “Lady Leigh” of the song I take to be the wife of Sir Thomas Leigh, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1558, the last year of Queen Mary (commonly called Bloody Mary). He was ancestor of the noble family of Leigh of Stoneleigh, Warwickshire. He died in London in 1571; his lady survived to a very advanced age, and died at Stoneleigh in January 1603. She endowed an hospital at Stoneleigh for five poor men and five poor women, all unmarried. Of the origin of the song I have no knowledge, having been too young when I heard it to make any inquiry into the meaning. I am now

inclined to think it political—the allusion to the penny loaves, and the gold and silver, in verses 4, 5, 6, 7, seems to indicate some dearth of money and provisions in England. Such dearth in both instances occurred in 1557, and the Queen seized on all the provisions in Suffolk and Norfolk for her army and household, without indemnifying in any way the unfortunate owners. The allusion to the “man who might fall asleep,” in verses 8 and 9, may refer to some statesman popularly suspected of negligence; the “dog” and the “bull,” in the following verses, may allude to the crests of some public characters. The air of the old song is simple and pretty; and, though *allegretto*, is not jocular, but, on the contrary, has something of a plaintive strain. It is only in one part.

MARGARET E. MACKESY.

OLD SONG.

1.
London Bridge is broken down,
Dance, said the Lady Leigh;
London Bridge is broken down,
Fair Ladye.

2.
Build it up of brick and stone,
Dance, said the Lady Leigh;
Build it up of brick and stone,
Fair Ladye.

3.
Brick and stone will fall away,
Dance, said the Lady Leigh;
Brick and stone will fall away,
Fair Ladye.

4.
Build it up of penny loaves,
Dance, said the Lady Leigh;
Build it up of penny loaves,
Fair Ladye.

5.
Penny loaves will mould and rot,
Dance, said the Lady Leigh;
Penny loaves will mould and rot,
Fair Ladye.

6.
Build it up of gold and silver,
Dance, said the Lady Leigh;
Build it up of gold and silver,
Fair Ladye.

7.
Gold and silver will be stolen,
Dance, said the Lady Leigh;
Gold and silver will be stolen,
Fair Ladye.

8.
Set a man to watch all night,
Dance, said the Lady Leigh;
Set a man to watch all night,
Fair Ladye.

9.
If the man should fall asleep?
Dance, said the Lady Leigh;
If the man should fall asleep?
Fair Ladye?

10.
Set a dog to bark all night,
Dance, said the Lady Leigh;
Set a dog to bark all night,
Fair Ladye.

11.
If the dog was stolen away?
Dance, said the Lady Leigh;
If the dog was stolen away?
Fair Ladye.

12.
Set a bull to roar all night,
Dance, said the Lady Leigh;
Set a bull to roar all night,
Fair Ladye.

13.
If the bull should run away?
Dance, said the Lady Leigh;
If the bull should run away?
Fair Ladye.

14.
Take a rope and tie him tight,
Dance, said the Lady Leigh;
That will keep him safe all night,
Fair Ladye.

ART AND ARTISTS.

FOURTH EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

WE venture to prophecy that ten years hence the Photographic Society will present us with a very different exhibition to that which they have afforded us this year. We are thankful for this collection as it is; but, knowing the capabilities of the art, and the wide limits of its application, we are greatly surprised that nothing more has, as yet, been done. The truth must be told—the present exhibition is not a whit better than the exhibitions of 1855 and 1856; in a new art, to stand still is equivalent to retrogression.

What photographers want is, more patient perseverance. There are, now, several excellent workmen who have advanced much beyond the general body; but even these gentlemen do not all give themselves the trouble they ought to take. Let them imagine the pains and care with which an artist sets about making a picture—how he first sketches out his plan; how he looks at this next day and alters it again and again; how he collects together all kinds

of accessories which he deems necessary for the completion of his subject; how he hires “models” to draw from for his living figures; and how elaborately he copies each bit of nature. Let photographers remember that, in their art, the most difficult of all this work is done for them by the aid of science; but pray let them not for this reason ignore the other portions of their duty. We are, of course, thinking of photographic pictures in which a story is attempted to be told, not of landscapes or views of buildings. This year there are more than the usual number of figure subjects and pictures of still life, and it is of these we will first speak.

The most ambitious exhibitor is Mr. Rejlander, a gentleman who possesses considerable ingenuity, has much imagination, and, after a fashion, takes pains; withal, he is as slovenly as a schoolboy who dog-eats his Latin grammar, and at times makes us feel both angry and ashamed at his great want of taste. Regarding him merely as a photographer, he is by no means so good a workman as he might be; but, as he sends more figure-pieces than any one else, we give him the first place in our list. His contribution (563), “What Ails Amy?” is, perhaps, the most successful attempt at a picture of the “domestic” school which has yet been given us by photography. We are not, however, at all satisfied with it. It is evident that it has been accomplished by tricks. The girl on the spectator’s right was not photographed at the same time that the other figures were. The horse’s head held by the ostler—seen outside the window—is another bit of “sham” of some kind or other; and, to our eyes, the whole assumes a made-up complexion, that only leads us to regret that the artist’s time was not more profitably spent.

The “Actor’s Day Dream” (436) is another composition of the same kind, where we find the same individual figuring twice in the same picture; and in two very different looking landscapes (432 and 397) we find the same trees, the same water-plants, and the same shadows, forming in one case the centre of a subject, and in the other introduced at the edge, evidently to fill up a corner. This is all very neatly done; but how far this trickery is allowable we cannot now stop to argue: for our own part we protest solemnly against it, as a violation of that truth to nature which has hitherto been considered one of the chief virtues of photography.

The two heads of children borrowed from Raphael’s Madonna di S. Sisto, and called *Non Angeli sed Angeli* (521), is one of Mr. Rejlander’s most successful efforts. Others of children are very good; but such vulgarities as No. 526, and some of the productions in frames numbered 427 and 436, ought certainly not to have been admitted to the Exhibition. Next year, let us ask this gentleman to send his photographs to a print-seller’s to be mounted—nothing can be worse than the bad taste with which his pictures are stuck, with rough and unevenly cut edges, on bad coloured paper. We believe him to be capable of much better work than he has given us this year; and we earnestly entreat him to take our advice in good part.

Mr. Henry White is quite the opposite to Mr. Rejlander: he is as neat as the other is careless—never sends a bad picture, and always contrives to print his works so delicately that they at all times command attention. His figure subjects (128, 279) are both chargeable with the same fault—they tell no story; writing under them “the Soldier’s Return,” and “the Soldier’s Story,” may serve to give them names to call them by; but we look in vain for any expression that would tell us which is the “Return” and which the “Story.” Let Mr. White fancy an artist painting a picture with such unmeaning action—certainly it would never be hung in the Old Water-colour Gallery. “The Fishmonger” (183) is more successful; but, as all the figures moved, why did he not “try again?” The full-length portrait of a lady (319) is very charming; and the details of the foliage climbing round the porch, in several of Mr. White’s pictures, is given with a delicacy that cannot be excelled.

Some of Mr. W. M. Grundy’s Eastern subjects (164, 165, 370, 401) are well conceived and are tolerably well executed. We suppose—as we have not heard his name before—that he has lately taken to photography. He is evidently on the right path to success, and we shall look for his pictures next year with much interest. We would advise him to study the printing process a little more, as we are convinced he does himself injustice; and we would caution him to avoid such strong contrasts of light and shade as he now seems to delight in.

The “Crimean Heroes” (226, 417, 446), taken for Her Majesty by Mr. Candall, are good photographs in every respect. It must have been a difficult task to group three or four huge men together, and so to arrange them and their accoutrements that nothing should be exaggerated. We like the strong, stern countenances of these veritable heroes, men who worked in the trenches, and who fought in that November morning on that bloody field of Inkermann. These men must have been photographed soon after their return from the Crimea, for their faces are deeply stained by the sun-glare, and their whole appearance is more savage than is customary with the “Guards” while they are here in barracks. The Highlander charging with his bayonet, and the Linesman firing his gun, are capital studies; and, as

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far as we can see, all Mr. Candall's photographs are honest and "untouched."

Mr. Howlett also contributes a frame of Crimean convalescents, likewise taken for Her Majesty, which, for effect of light and shade, are admirable. His picture of chess-playing is not bad; but his chief strength seems to lie in copying paintings. We never saw any better photography than his copies of O'Neill's "Market Day," Brooke's "Guy Faux," Faed's "Home and the Homeless," or Lee and Cooper's cattle-piece. There are, likewise, several large heads by this gentleman, which we like very much: in point of photography no one could beat them; but he may as well pay a little more attention in future to the accessory details of his pictures, or else leave them out altogether.

"A Day at Lee House" (488) and "Family Gleanings" (511), by S. O. Firmin, are as bad as they can possibly be—bad in point of composition, bad as altogether wanting in either imagination or taste, and utterly bad as photographs: why does the hanging committee pass such contributions? The same may be said of Mr. C. L. Matthews's pictures in frames numbered 589 and 608; and Mr. C. Gocher's, 617 and 618. Among them are some not to be rejected as far as manipulation is concerned, but quite hopeless with regard to arrangement or taste.

In portraiture there is certainly an advance this year. The "touched" heads of Mr. Mayall, Messrs. Quin and Co., Messrs. Henneman and Co., and Mr. Sarony, are as good in their way as usual; and Mr. Lock's beautifully coloured miniatures, which rival the most successful ivories, are still the best; though we must praise Mr. Williams's vignette portraits as very beautiful, and give a word of encouragement to Mr. H. C. Heath, Miss Dutton, and Mr. B. R. Green, the latter of whom contributes a well-coloured picture of "the Brothers Brough" (523).

But in pure photography we give the palm to Messrs. Maull and Polyblank. The first instalment of their series of eminent men are now so well known that criticism on them would be superfluous; but several portraits that are now exhibited have not yet been published, and among these we like best Mr. Rowland Hill, Mr. Warren Delarue, and Mr. Cruikshank. In this particular branch of photography we cannot imagine that there will ever be much advancement; indeed, we scarcely know how to suggest an improvement. Some of the large heads contributed by Mr. Herbert Watkins are likewise excellently photographed. We have rarely seen such a capital head as that of Mr. Ernest Reid (8). His portrait of Albert Smith we cannot admire; so much is "out of focus" and exaggerated that it gives us pain to look at it. The frame of portraits (untouched) sent by Candall and Howlett displays more variety of size and pose than any other in the room, and we can find no fault with their workmanship. Their printing is admirable, and especially adapted to miniatures.

If there is one photographer who is to be praised more highly than the rest for painstaking care and uniform excellence of workmanship, it is Mr. Thurston Thompson. His copies of drawings by Raphael and Holbein, and his magnificent reproduction of the celebrated Limousin enamel in the Louvre, are beyond all praise. Who can look on these Raphael sketches for "Christ's Charge to Peter" and the "St. Catherine," without wishing to become their possessor? and who would not prefer these Holbein heads to all the kit-cats that are ever exhibited in the Royal Academy?

Do not let us pass unnoticed the wonderful copy of the "Il Cenacolo," photographed unmistakably from Da Vinci's great original. Time has done his work, and one half of this grand fresco is destroyed; yet sufficient remains to show us what a master-piece of art it was. The photographer, L. Sacchi, has done his work well, and will no doubt reap his reward.

Mr. Contemin's copies of chalk heads, and Mr. H. Hering's and Mr. Hogarth's copies of drawings and engravings, all show excellence of workmanship. Major Penrice has contributed a series of reduced copies of Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress," which are likewise very good; and Dr. Diamond's "Bust of Charles I. by Bernini," his study of still life, and his portraits of photographers, are all careful photographs.

The landscapes and buildings are so numerous that we must defer our notice of them till our next number.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE Soulag Collection continues to attract the attention of every lover of art. The classes of objects most admired and considered to be most complete are, the collection of Venice Glass, the Limoges enamels, the bronzes, and the medallions. Mr. Robinson has arranged them with great judgment and care, and they are now for the first time rendered intelligible to the public as a collection of art.—A memorial has just been erected at Bow-bridge, Leicester, whereon it is recorded that near that spot lie the remains of King Richard. It is a handsome stone, set in the gable of a new building there. The monument is in Kelton stone, the design being good and the execution of a first-rate character.—The celebrated sculptor, Director Martin Wagner, has offered his collections to the University of Würzburg. They

consist of valuable engravings, pictures, original cartoons of Albert Dürer, vases, marble and terracotta busts and statues, and are estimated to be of a value of 100,000 florins. Herr Wagner is upwards of eighty years of age, and has passed more than fifty years at Rome.—The artistic world of Paris are talking of a magnificent picture which Ary Scheffer has just completed. It is taken from Ruth, at the moment when the Hebrew daughter says to Naomi, "Entreat me not to leave thee." This picture has been purchased by one of the Rothschilds, and will be engraved.—The Edinburgh Fine Art Exhibition has now been open for some days, and it is said that there is every prospect of the results being quite satisfactory.—The Manchester Exhibition is being brought together with zealous speed. Every day some new and priceless cargo of treasures is delivered at the great metropolis of cotton and smoke. Upon Mr. Deane devolves the duty of accompanying the most precious objects from their late homes to Manchester. Mr. Peter Cunningham is editing the catalogue.—Mr. Delamotte has been entrusted with the duty of selecting a collection of photographs for the Manchester Fine Art Exhibition. The great object in forming this branch of the collection will be not only to obtain good specimens of the art, but as many portraits of celebrated personages as can be brought together.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NEW MUSIC.

Handbook for the Oratorios—Acis and Galatea, Israel in Egypt—Occasional Oratorio. By JOHN BISHOP. London: Robert Cocks and Co.

THESE works form Nos. 3, 4, and 5 of the series published in this handbook, and arranged by Mr. Bishop of Cheltenham. The great body of the English public have been thoroughly initiated into these sublime productions through the medium of the many choral societies that are now in existence, especially of the two first, *Acis and Galatea* being an example of the lighter graces, while *Israel in Egypt* may be considered among the more profound emanations from the genius of Handel. The first does not, however, come under the catalogue of oratorios, being what is termed a serenata. It has been represented on the stage, for which it is not altogether very well adapted; although on the last occasion, when it was brought forward under Mr. Macready's management, the success was unbounded; and many came from all parts to witness the performance of a composer whose name and genius belong directly to this country. We question much whether any other music of the past would have had such genuine homage paid to it. With all this prestige the reproduction of these works in a cheap form is a necessity. Those who take a part in the choral performances must naturally be anxious to possess the works entire; and these, each of which, may now be had for two shillings—a sum, we should imagine, which would place them within the reach of all whose predilections are thus disposed.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THE Sacred Harmonic Society has issued a circular respecting the Handel Commemoration at the Crystal Palace in May next. Applications more than sufficient to fill the orchestra have reached the committee, and plans are now being arranged for a selection of the most efficient vocalists prior to commencing a series of metropolitan choral rehearsals. A large force of men are employed at Messrs. Gray and Davison's factory, in the New Road, upon the organ which is to be used at the festival; it will occupy a space fifty feet wide by twenty-five feet in depth, besides the platforms required for the bellows and the sixteen wind reservoirs—a total of square feet exceeding that provided for the orchestra at the Surrey Gardens Music Hall. Some of the large pipes already completed were tested a few days since with marked success. The society also gratefully acknowledges the liberality of M. Victor Schœlcher in having placed at their disposal for the purposes of the Commemoration the invaluable collection of MSS. used by Handel in conducting his own works which have lately come into his possession.—The names of the English committee in aid of the Halle Commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Handel's death have been published. They are those of Sir G. Smart, Messrs. S. Bennett, Goss, Turle, Potter, H. Leslie, Pole, H. Broadwood, and Herr Klingemann.

—Mr. Benedict announces a new *Liedertafel Society*, or a society for the performance of German social music. Manchester and Liverpool can already boast of several such societies.—Operatic gossip says that Mr. Lumley has engaged for his next campaign Herr Theodor Formes, of the Berlin opera, a brother to the great basso.—At the private theatricals at Tavistock House, a *pétite comédie de salon* by Mr. Wilkie Collins of deep great satisfaction. It is entitled "The Frozen Deep," and the principal characters were sustained by members of Mr. Dickens's family and various friends of the great novelist, whose names are celebrated in literature and art.—Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Murray have lately been added to the already excellent company at Drury Lane Theatre.—Mr. Charles Mathews still continues to be too severely indisposed

to be able to appear upon the stage.—The Paris journals are full of "La Reine Topaze," a new opera libretto (by MM. Lockroy and Batta, music by M. Massé), which is now being performed at the Theatre Lyrique. Madame Miolan Carvalho, who takes the rôle of the heroine is applauded to echo. The scenery is said to be very splendid; indeed, this work appears from all accounts to be quite as much an extravaganza as a regular opera.—M. Offenbach having offered a prize for the comic best operetta, to be represented at the Bouffes, the jury has selected six of almost equal merit. These are to be represented alternately; so that the public will be the judge, and the theatre will doubtless take a great deal of money during the competition.—The number of new operas, comedies, melodramas, ballets, vaudevilles, and fairy pieces, produced at the eighteen theatres of Paris in the course of last year, was 262. There was no tragedy.—The commission appointed by the French Government to award a prize for the best-written and most moral drama of the year, has met duly, and sent in its report—M. Sainte-Beuve being speaker on the occasion. The document, which is lengthy, regrets that the Committee has found nothing at once clever and wholesome enough to merit being crowned with a prize. The dramas considered with that intention were "La Joconde," "Péril en la demeure," "Les Jeunes Gens," "Je dine avec ma Mère," "Le Médecin des Enfants," and "Le Demi-Monde."—The second of the great middle Rhenish musical festivals, which were inaugurated in 1856, at Darmstadt, is to take place early in June next, in Mannheim. Mendelssohn's "Elias" will be performed on the first day; and on the second, Beethoven's ninth symphony, Carl Maria von Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," Durand's "Magnificat," Mendelssohn's chorus, "An die Künstler," and Handel's "Halleluja." The third day is to be devoted to excursions.—It is reported in Paris that it is not impossible that Madame Cruvelli, who on her recent marriage abandoned the stage, may shortly reappear at the grand opera.—Madame Pleyel is giving concerts with great success in Switzerland, through which country she is travelling on her way to Italy.

LITERARY NEWS.

At the monthly meeting of the Town Council of Liverpool, on the afternoon of Jan. 7, it was resolved, as a means of connecting the name of Mr. Brown permanently with the new Free Library and Museum, which, with rare munificence, he has undertaken to erect at his own expense, to have a full-sized portrait of him, by one of the first artists of the day, in the building, and to place a marble bust or statue in one of the niches in St. George's Hall.—The *Manchester Examiner* says that Manchester has at present a majority of the surviving relatives of the author of the "Seasons." There are here two granddaughters of "Lizzy," the sister of the poet; three great-granddaughters, and three great-grandsons—in all eight. There are only seven other relatives living. The poet left three sisters, who married respectively Mr. Bell, the parish minister of Strathaven; Mr. Craig, the architect, who planned the new town of Edinburgh; and Mr. Thomson, the Rector of the Grammar School, Lanark.—The best-conducted and last of the Leicester cheap newspapers has just expired. The editor, in his concluding remarks, says: "We do not halt because we cannot take a step further. We are brought to the end of the year, when it behoves every one to take stock of his doings. Following, as journalists, the excellent business custom, and not finding a very satisfactory balance, we think it a suitable time to relinquish that which does not yield remuneration for our labour."—The *Sheffield Iris*, formerly edited by the poet Montgomery, was published for the last time on Wednesday week. This paper had changed hands several times, and its publication was altogether discontinued for a short period before the passing of the last Newspaper Stamp Act, when it was revived, and published twice a week; afterwards it appeared only once a week. The price was changed successively from 3d. to 2d., 1½d., and 1d. After a long and checkered career it has now been finally withdrawn from circulation.—The University of London has received a new Chancellor in the person of Earl Granville, and an accession of six new Fellows in Lord Stanley, the Right Hon. M. T. Baines, Sir E. Ryan, J. Heywood, Esq., M.P., and Drs. Gull and Wood.

A sale of great interest to bibliophiles is now taking place in Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's rooms, beginning yesterday (Wednesday, 14th). It is the library of W. Berry, Esq., that is being dispersed. Among other literary treasures, we may mention the first four folios of Shakspeare and several of the quartos; a choice collection of illuminated Missals and Hore; rare Chronicles, and some of the rarest and most valuable of English voyages and travels. Among other miscellaneous objects may be mentioned the identical cup, formed of the Stratford mulberry-tree, which Garrick used at the Shakspeare Jubilee. The cup was in the possession of the late Thomas Hill, Esq., for forty-five years. At the sale of his property it was purchased by Mr. Jolly, at whose decease it came into Mr. Berry's possession. Amongst the Christmas and New Year books which

have been brought out this season in Germany, is an excellent translation of the first volume of "Lewes's Life of Goethe." The translator is Dr. Julius Frese. —A recent estimate fixes the number of public libraries in Paris at 35, with a total of 2,974,000 printed and 104,000 MS. volumes. Of these, 1,700,000 books and 80,000 MSS. are said to belong to the Bibliothèque Impériale. —The Société Régionale d'Acclimatation of Nancy have issued a curious pamphlet, entitled, "Une Précieuse Conquête à faire," in which they earnestly recommend farmers to breed horses for human food. —It is announced in the French papers that a discovery has been made in the provinces—place and person not specified—of a collection of letters written during the time of Louis Quatorze, by several Jesuits belonging to the College of Clermont, and addressed to one Birnier, who is stated to have been friend and fellow-collegian with Molière. Among these several letters by the great comic writer have been found, dated towards the year 1654, from Montpellier, and referring to "Le Dépit Amoureux"—which comedy was produced about that period. These, as all students of Molière's life are aware, will prove of rare, almost of unique value, if they can be established as genuine.

Alexander Dumas has recovered 8000*l.* from one of the principal Paris publishers for having, in violation of agreements between them in reprinting certain of his works, produced a greater number of copies than he was entitled to do, and having improperly brought out illustrated editions of others. Large as this sum is, it is only about one fourth of what Dumas thought himself warranted in claiming. —The murdered Archbishop of Paris (Mgr. Sibour) was a literary man, having been a writer in the Abbé Lamennais' famous periodical *L'Avenir*, and having produced a work on "Diocesan Institutions," which is highly esteemed by churchmen. His various pastoral letters and sermons were also marked by literary merit, and it is probable that a selection of them will be given to the world.

The following announcement has lately been issued from St. Martin's-le-Grand respecting book packets for the Australian Colonies:—"On the 13th of January next and thenceforward book packets between the United Kingdom and the colonies of New South Wales, South Australia, Western Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand will be sent through Egypt, and will be liable, in lieu of the rates of postage heretofore chargeable, to the following rates—viz., Not exceeding 1*lb.* in weight, 8*d.*; above 1*lb.*, and not exceeding 1*lb.*, 1*s.* 4*d.*; above 1*lb.*, and not exceeding 2*lb.*, 2*s.* 8*d.*; above 2*lb.*, and not exceeding 3*lb.*, 4*s.* No book packet exceeding the weight of 3*lb.* can be sent to New South Wales; but on books, &c., addressed to any of the other colonies above mentioned, the postage for heavier packets will increase by two rates of postage for every pound or fraction of a pound without limit. The regulations under which these book packets are forwarded through the post, as detailed in instructions No. 10, 1855, remain unaltered. The book post not having been yet extended to Victoria, book packets for that colony can only be forwarded at present at the ordinary letter rates of postage.—By command of the Postmaster-General. ROWLAND HILL, Secretary.—General Post-office, Dec. 30.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

ADELPHI.—*Mother Shipton, her Wager; or, Harlequin Knight of Love and the Magic Whistle*: a Pantomime.

HAYMARKET.—*The Babes in the Wood; or, Harlequin the Cruel Uncle*: a Pantomime.

OLYMPIC.—*Young and Handsome*: a Comic Extravaganza, by J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq.

From the above list, it will be seen that I am taking the Christmas pieces by easy stages. During the past fortnight, I have seen but three of them; and I can assure the reader that I have had quite enough to do to digest all their extraordinary and manifold beauties.

To make a long story as short as possible, I like the Adelphi the best of the three, the Haymarket the least. In his piece at the Olympic, Mr. Planché, far from excelling his "Riquet with the Tuft," or "Fortunio," scarcely comes up to his "Wonderful Princesses." Of course there is pretty writing—he is too old a stager to omit that; and of course the scenery is very pretty—that is Mr. Wigan's care; but the Attic salt, but the elegant fun and *abandon* of the Planché of our youth, where is it? Aye, but Mr. James Robinson Planché is now Rouge-Croix, Poursuivant-at-Arms, and there can be no doubt that the lions and dragons of Herald's Cottage must have a very unpoetical effect upon the poetic mind; whilst no joker in this world could stand such nonsense as *gules and sailes, rampant and couchant*. The part provided for Robson (that of the heaviest and most unairy of Zephyrs) is as un-Robsonian as it was possible for it to be.

The Haymarket pantomime is pretty well as pantomimes go; but it is nothing more. The scenery is pretty and the tricks are many, but—*que voulez vous? ça n'amuse que les enfants*.

But, for the Adelphi, the Watteau pantomime, it is simply the prettiest, the most elegant, the most taste-

ful, and the wittiest composition that ever was called a pantomime. Here is no mere vulgar hurly-burly of stale jokes oracular and practical; but a graceful, finished performance. The clown is not a clown; he is Mr. Garden, a clever and active gentleman: the Columbine is no mere *soufflée* of muslin and spangles; she is the charming Miss Wyndham, who talks as well as she dances daintily—*dulce ridentem, dulce loquentem*; and as for Harlequin, that is Madame Celeste, graceful in pose, agile as a stag, witty, vivacious, and splendid. The plot of the introductory portion is infinitely more coherent than any pantomime which I have ever yet seen: there is a tale and a moral in it. The Knight of Love (the future Harlequin) is to coquette with all the sex, and gather a shred from every petticoat, wherewithal to make a harlequin's patchwork dress; and well he acquires himself of the task. The loving maiden, who follows him through all his vagaries, ends in being his true and loving Columbine. So the story bears throughout an intimate and intelligible relevance to the harlequinade. Much might be said of the wonderful singing of Paul Bedford, the burlesque dignity of Mr. James Bland, and the archness of Miss Mary Keeley; but I refrain. Let all who wish for a capital evening's amusement go and judge for themselves. JACQUES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—Through the medium of your valuable and widely-circulated journal, I beg leave to lay the request of a very deserving person before the literary world. Mr. James O'Sullivan, residing in Shore Road, Stirling, N.B., has been for many years employed in collecting, transcribing, and translating MSS. in or from the ancient Irish language. He has in his collection a great variety of select pieces from ancient and modern authors, such as poems, songs, elegies, biographies, historical sketches, and legends by the most eminent bards of Erin, exhibiting to the reader many interesting and beautiful specimens of this venerable tongue, and is ready, at a cheap rate, to copy them out, either in the Irish character or in an English dress, for those who have an interest in such studies. He has also ready for sale some very neatly-finished manuscripts, which would, I believe, be considered as ornaments to the library of any one possessed of genuine Milesian blood. He has already executed some admirable works of this kind for persons both in England and Ireland, and holds himself in readiness for similar employment at any time.

I need scarcely say a word in praise of that noble Irish tongue—the tongue of a nation which is *par excellence* the nation of poets, and which, though comparatively now dead, yet speaketh; nor enforce further the claims of an undertaking which may be the means of circulating more widely many interesting pieces of antique poetry and of enabling many Irish and Celtic gentlemen to procure copies of ballads, &c., which are at present little known, which may soon float on to oblivion, but which serve to attest at once the rich resources of the language, and the high and varied genius of the writers.

Mr. O'Sullivan is ready himself to supply all other information.—I am, Sir, yours &c., Dundee, Jan. 12. GEORGE GUFFILLAN.

OBITUARY.

BRITTON, John, Esq., F.R.S., at his residence, Burton-street, Burton-crescent, having attained the advanced age of 85 years. Mr. Britton was well-known as a writer on architectural and antiquarian subjects. He was a self-educated man, and rose from a very humble position, having been at one period of his life employed as cellar-man to a wine-merchant. His first production of any importance was a volume on the "Life and Adventures of Pizarro," suggested by the then popularity of Kotzebue's favourite German drama. In his work on the "Beauties of Wiltshire" he was eminently successful; and his "Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain" and "Cathedral Antiquities of England" gained him a considerable reputation. One Dr. Andrew—He was born in Glasgow on the 18th of May, 1778. He studied at the University of Glasgow, and subsequently at that of Edinburgh. In the year 1806 he was appointed, on the resignation of Dr. Birkbeck, Andersonian Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. He was at this time engaged in the establishment of the Glasgow Observatory, where he resided for some time, and was honoured with a visit from the celebrated Sir W. Herschel. He was eloquent as a lecturer, and most successful in his class experiments. In the year 1818 he brought forward his "New Experimental Researches on some of the leading doctrines of Caloric, particularly on the relation between the elasticity, temperature, and latent heat of different vapours, and on thermometric measurement and capacity," which was read before the Royal Society, and published in their "Transactions" for that year. Mr. Ivory, Mr. Daniell, and other philosophers, have adopted the conclusions offered in this paper as the bases of their meteorological theories. In 1821 appeared the first edition of his well-known "Dictionary of Chemistry," which procured him the friendship of Sir H. Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and Dr. E. D. Clarke. In 1822 appeared his paper "On the Ultimate Analysis of Vegetable Substances" in the "Philosophical Transactions." In the year 1829 his "System of Geology" was published. In 1835 his "Philosophy of Manufactures" followed, and in the following year his work on the "Cotton Manufactures of Great Britain," in two volumes. It was the remark of

an eminent machine-maker and engineer that, from the minute accuracy of the descriptions and engravings in this work, the actual machines might be manufactured without difficulty. His next great work was the "Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines"—a work of immense labour and research, the last edition of which appeared in the year 1842. This work has been translated into the leading Continental languages. Distinguished as a sound chymical philosopher, he was no less remarkable for accuracy in chymical analysis. It has been asserted, indeed, by competent authority, that none of his results have ever been upset. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1822. He was one of the original Fellows of the Geological Society. He had also belonged to the Astronomical Society, and was a member of several scientific Continental Societies. He resided in London since the year 1830.

CRIVELLI, Signor, a musical professor of reputation, died at his residence in Upper Norton-street, Portland-place, Dec. 31. Signor Crivelli came to England in the year 1817, with his father, who was engaged as the principal tenor at the King's Theatre. Since that time he dedicated himself to the profession of teaching singing, and directly acquired a great name, which he maintained with increasing reputation up to the moment of his death. Since the foundation of the Royal Academy of Music, in 1823, he has been the principal professor of singing at that institution, and almost all our present singers have been his pupils. Signor Crivelli has also written a method of singing, "L'arte del Canto," which is considered the best work extant. He leaves behind him a celebrated name, and he was beloved and esteemed by all who knew him.

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